

ANNALES

1916

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College of New Rochelle

What matter though the years depart
And our buttons read out for all time
If only they read 'In' in your heart
For the days of Auld Lang Syne

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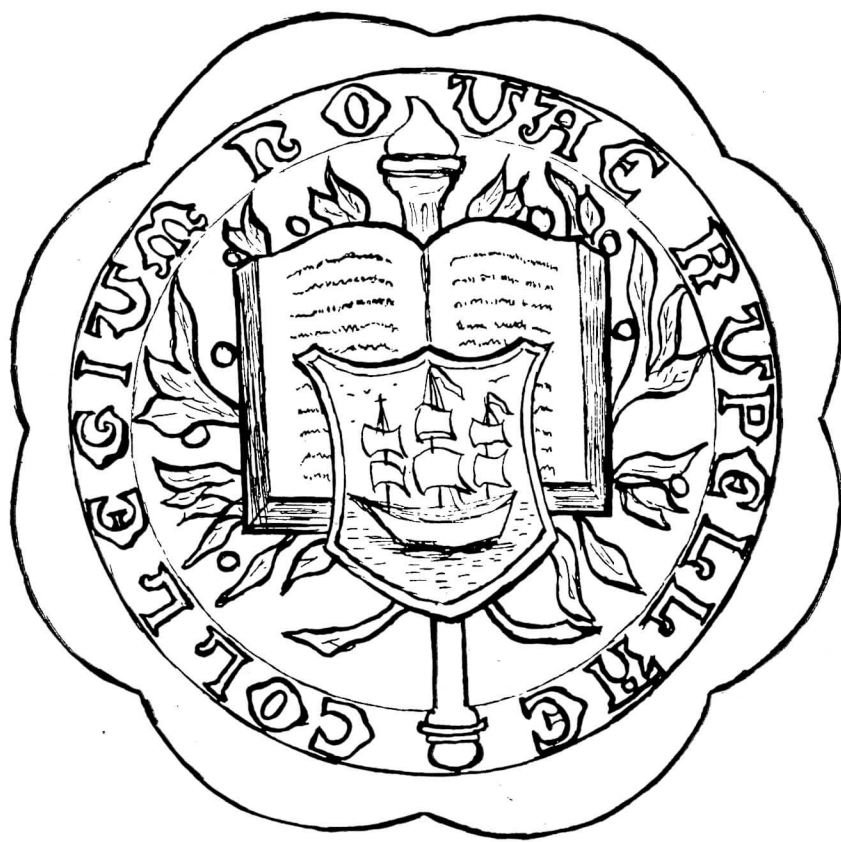
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NEW YORK



ANNALES

College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

VOLUME VI



Published by
CLASS OF NINETEEN SIXTEEN



White
N.Y.

A378

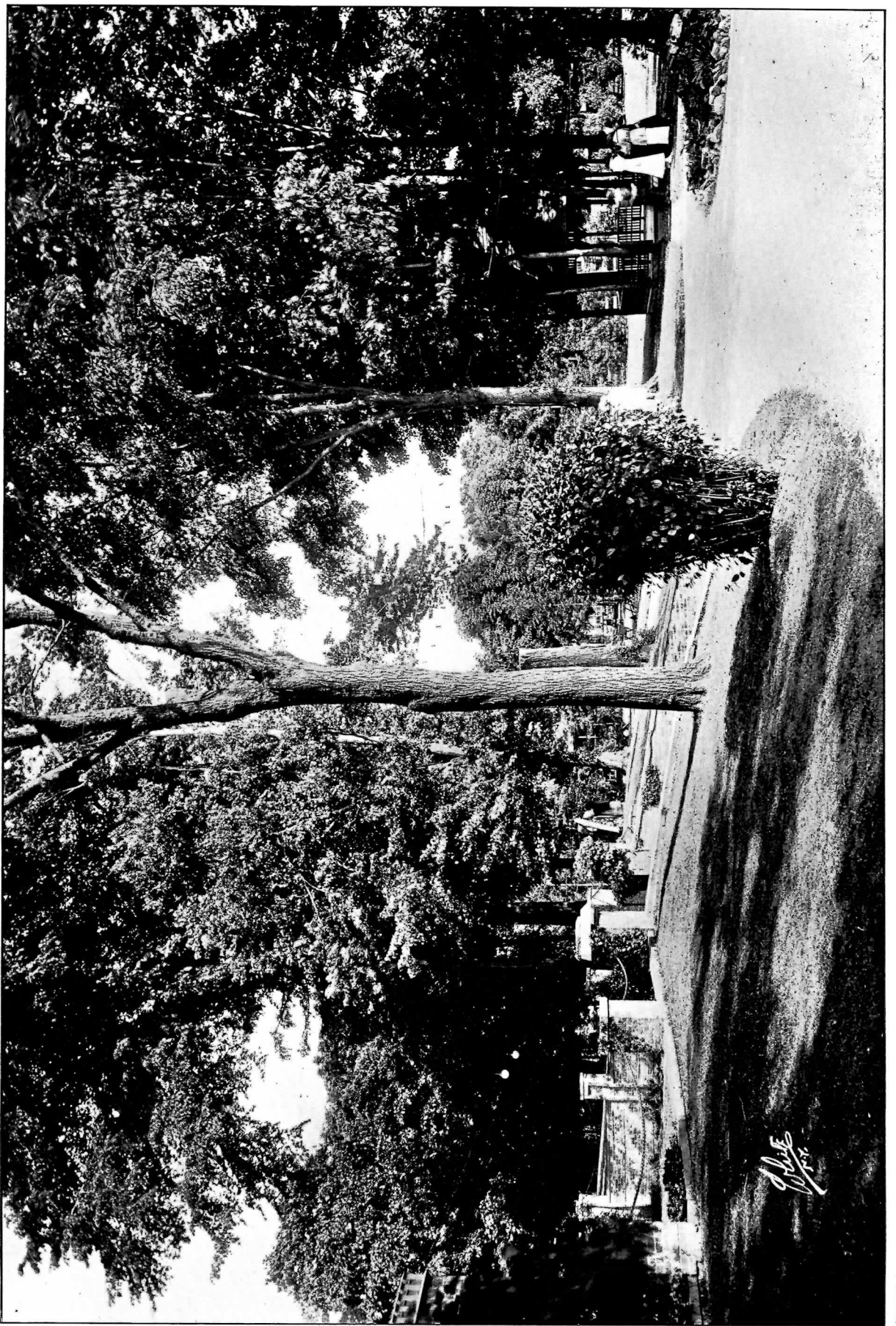
N42

1916

Foreword



E, the Board of Editors of the 1916 ANNALES, beg your indulgence for any errors or omissions in this volume and ask that you judge us rather by our efforts and good will than by our achievements. If you have glimpsed from this window, giving on our college campus, a little of our college life, with all its sweet intimacies of four years' comradeship, of work and play, so soon to be but memories—if you have but seen there a little of the spirit of our college and of the loyalty and love we bear our Alma Mater, we have succeeded in our aim. And so we hope that this book may not be altogether unworthy of its five predecessors, which have placed such a high standard for us to follow.



White
1911

To

Our Mistress of Discipline

Mother de Sales

Faithful servant of the college and true friend to all students

We, the Board of Editors

of the

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen "Annales"

do most affectionately dedicate this our book
in grateful recognition of the many kindnesses
bestowed upon our class during our college years

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Our College—An Appreciation

(Reprinted from the October Quarterly)



DURING this year there was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of a pioneer secular College for women. And down here at New Rochelle, we celebrated our eleventh birthday. To the casual observer it might seem that a student at a College which has been in existence half a century, has the advantage over one who is studying at a College whose life numbers only a decade of years. It might seem so, but if he examines into the matter, the observer will find that we girls of New Rochelle have equal opportunity at every point. And in addition, we have other possessions which a secular institution can never know.

I sometimes wonder if we all really realize how great are our advantages. We should realize it; we should see and understand the difference between our training and that of others. One may possess every advantage in the world, but unless she *knows* she possesses them and guides herself accordingly, her advantage avails nothing. It is not possession, but the realization of possession that brings power.

And now, what have we that these secular Colleges have not? We have, first, a something that you can sense as soon as you come within our precincts, a subtle, indefinable something, which, for want of a better term, we call "Atmosphere." There is an Atmosphere within the walls of the tiniest Chapel in the most crowded district which is a direct contradiction to the world outside. So, too, but to a greater degree, there is an Atmosphere that permeates every inch of this College which you will never find to be part of a secular institution though you search the world. It is as though the souls of all the individuals forming the little community, were in subconscious communication. It is what causes you to stand for an instant, when you encounter it after an absence, and ask yourself, "What is it?"

You are more fully awake to the things of life when this Atmosphere is about you. A rustic Cross, hung in Springtime with trailing wistaria, standing where the paths intersect, in full view of them all, yet belonging to no one alone, carries a reminder of that great Message and Influence, which reaches out into all the paths of life, yet is confined to none. Within our little world you can see as you look from your window, you will find all the types the world furnishes. Watching them, realizing the symbolism of incidents and trifles, you can find all the philosophy of life here among us.

But it is the Atmosphere that makes you alive to the significance of simple forms. And you cannot live, day in and day out, in an Atmosphere without imbibing it. It seeps down into your soul, and becomes a part of you, changing your mode of thought and influencing your outlook upon life.

Then consider our system of Philosophy. There is nothing to equal it among men. It is universal as the Church herself is universal. No glittering brilliancy, no hollow-ringing theories, no notice of the influence of the moment to be replaced to-morrow by a more ingenious invention—unless it be to counteract this influence by confronting it with right reason—none of this, but all the sound Logic, all the common sense, steadiness, and depth that the mind can absorb. Even more, for the clearer insight into our philosophy grows with your growth, deepens with your psychological development, and takes on ever new meaning with your experience in Life. The

familiar phrase might be paraphrased: "Fads may come and Fads may go, but Aristotle goes on forever!" Of course he does, for Truth can never die.

And suppose you were studying some Philosophy—whatever happened to be the fashion at the time—at a secular College. You think your God-given Faith would preserve you from error. It might. If you were the object of the especial protection of Providence, you might be uninfluenced by their representations. But if you were just an ordinary, human girl, with the receptive mind characteristic of the age at which the ordinary girls enters College, I doubt that the depth of your Faith would remain undisturbed. Your Faith may be sufficient to move mountains, but if a Philosophy that is directed against everything that you have been reared to believe and to cherish, is set before you each day, unconsciously, unwillingly, you assimilate these doctrines. You cannot help it. If a pebble is dropped on a soft wax plate, it will leave its impression, whether it be dropped by accident or design. That is what the mind is—a soft wax plate; and the doctrines are the pebbles. What is one to do? Be sure the pebble that is dropped is of the quality to leave a true impression.

Up to the time you and I leave College, our experience in the actual life of men is largely a matter of theory and dreams. We scarcely realize what we must meet and overcome when we set ourselves against the commercial hunger of our day. But when we do go forth, there is just one thing that will carry us straight ahead, through all kinds of difficulties, onward to ultimate success and honor. And this one thing is an Ideal rightly formed. Where are the Ideals for life formed? At College. Here you and I have another advantage.

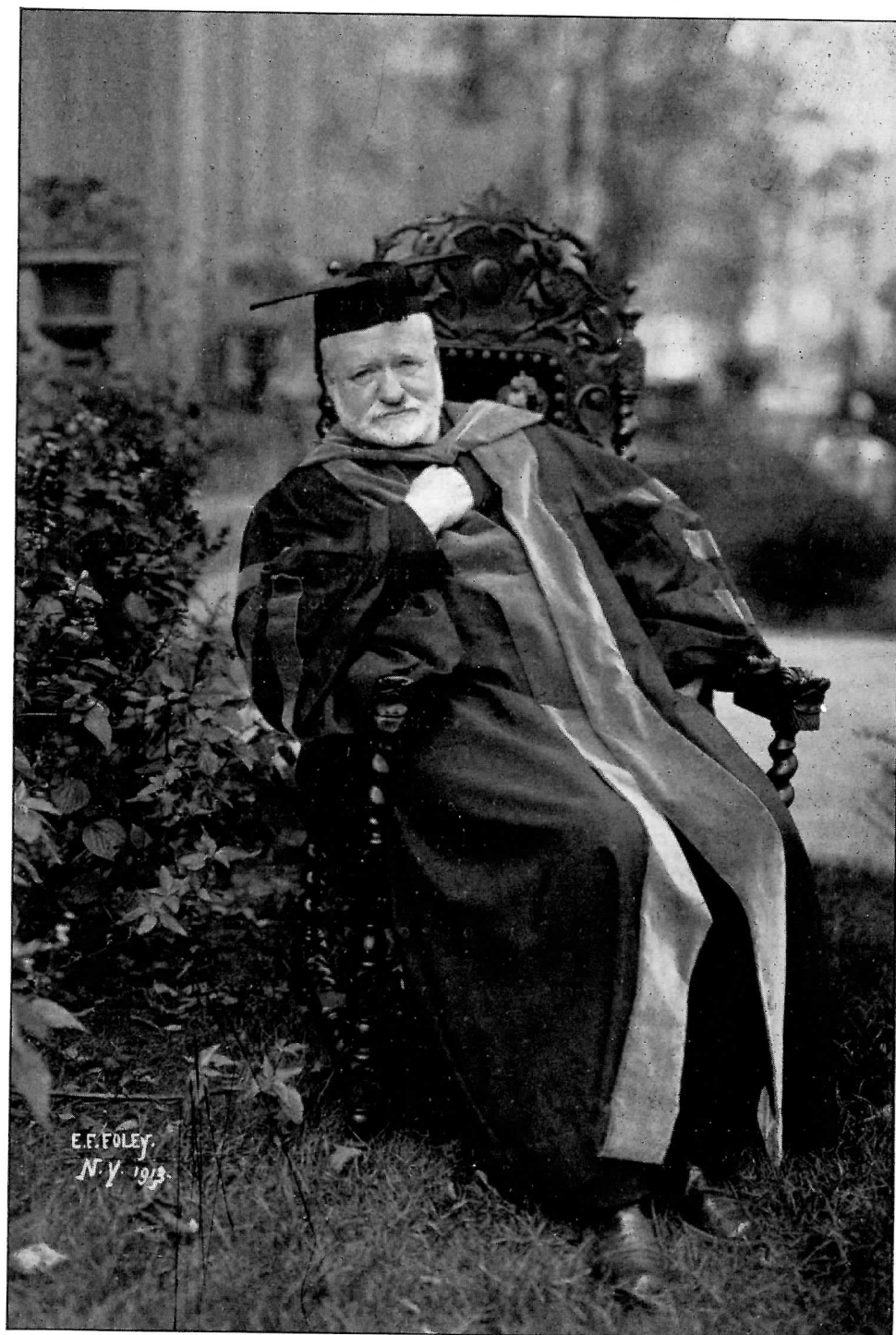
You cannot make a velvet cloak out of gingham. You cannot make an Ideal that comprises the highest and best, unless the material from which the Ideal is formed is of the highest and best. Secular Colleges furnish gingham by the bolt—doctrines surcharged with fashionable cynicism and an outlook upon Life through the eyes of a disillusioned failure in the Market of Commercialism. But for us—for you and for me—for us there is the velvet cloth. Clothed in our cloak cut from material of Hope and Enthusiasm, we can face the world fully, steadily, hopefully.

New Rochelle will not send us out to battle, first with ourselves, until we regain, if need be, our faith in mankind which had been, perhaps, shattered by pernicious doctrines. But rather does she take us to the crest of a high hill, and pointing out the world spread before us, say, "See, my daughter, it is all yours, to conquer; or by it to be conquered. Pitfalls there are ahead, plenty of them. But, see, look at the wide stretches of flower-dotted meadows. Remember the Philosophy of your Church; keep your heart true; look up into the glorious sunshine above you, and let the sidewalk beneath your feet take care of itself. Hope everlastingly! Be firm in your Faith. Go forth, fight and win! I have equipped you fully, but the use of your weapons remains to yourself. Vale!"

New Rochelle may look back but a decade of years, but she looks ahead a century: working, achieving, travelling onward to the resplendent position that is to be hers. And the world may estimate as it pleases the value of attending a large secular College. But for me, I am glad to be at a College whose Atmosphere is one of moral beauty; whose Philosophy contains eternal Truth; whose teachings are conducive to the formation of the highest Ideals; and whose benediction I shall carry with me when I go out to start on the Journey of Life.

Gaudete mecum, O sorores!

GERTRUDE M. DOHERTY, '16.



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The Castle Tower

How often in the early morning light

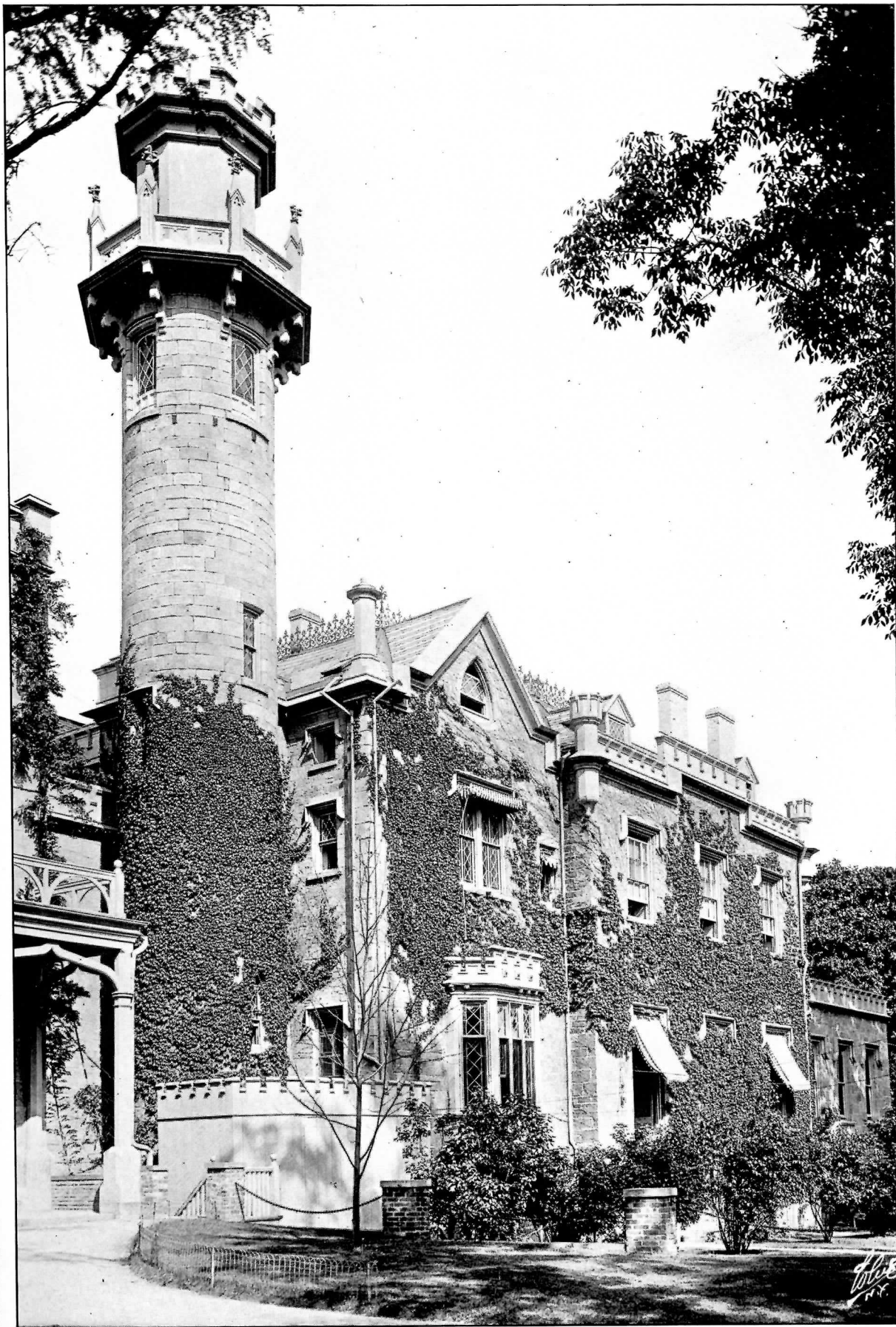
We've seen thee clear against a crimson sky,

And oft upon a wondrous moonlit night

Thy silvered turrets rear themselves on high

* * * * *

Ah comrades shall we eber find a fairer sight?





Views from Window of Residence Hall

And looking out our windows we have seen

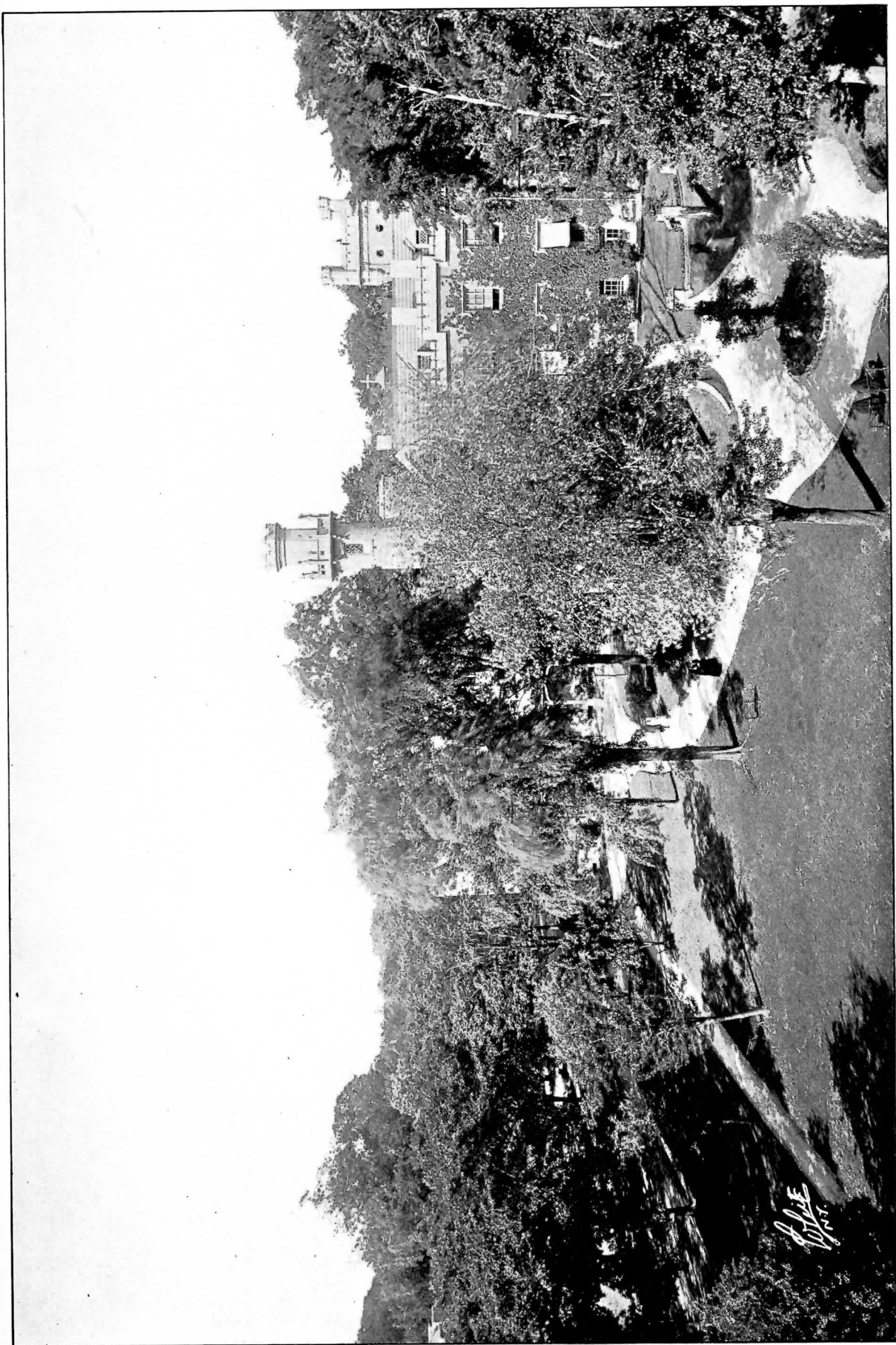
This well worn path which we've so gaily trod,

All white with snow or with the new grass green

And heard the bell ring out to worships God

* * * * *

Ah, comrades, what a happy, peaceful scene!





Our Residence Hall

Our second home dear Residence Hall

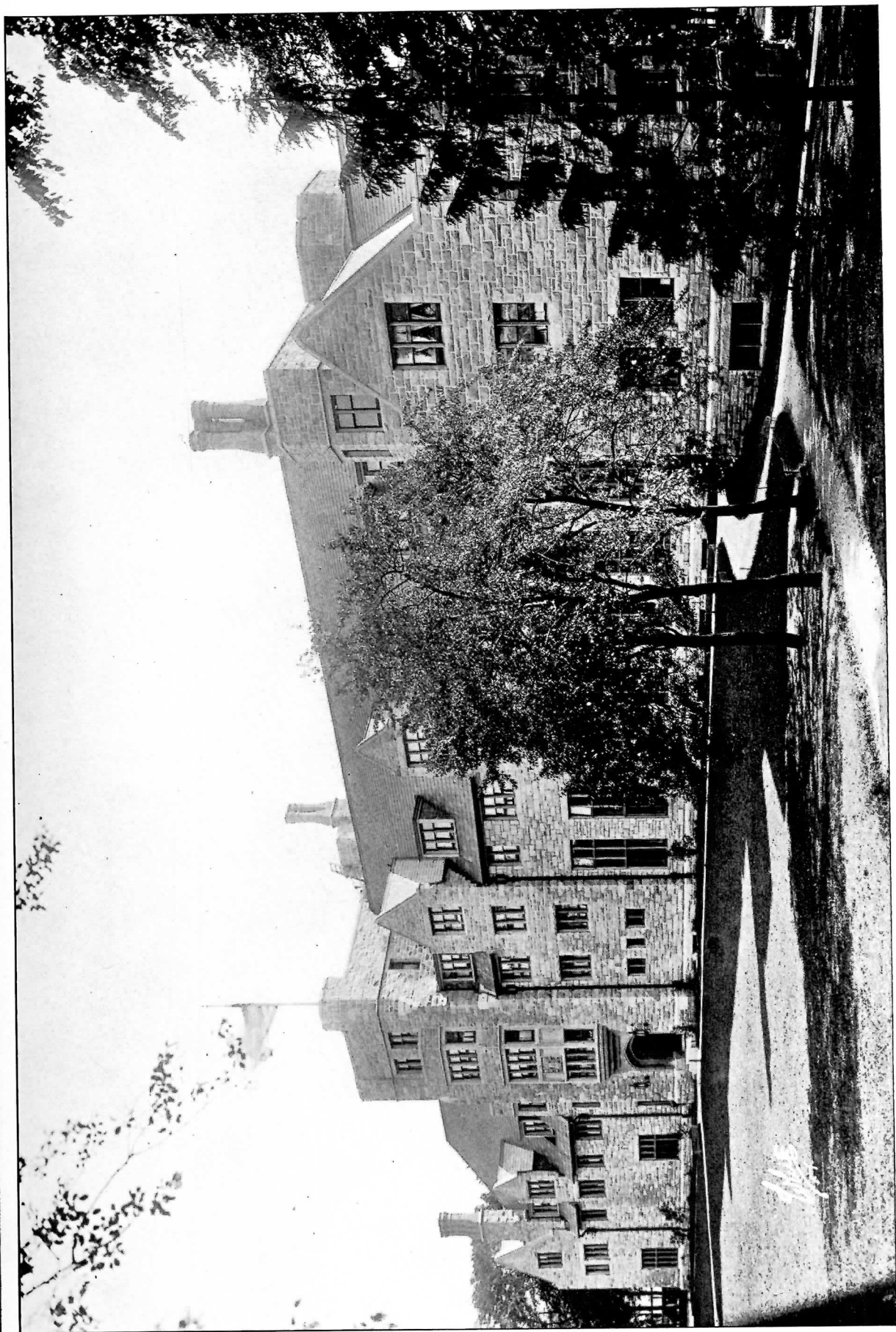
Again we hear your walls with laughter ring

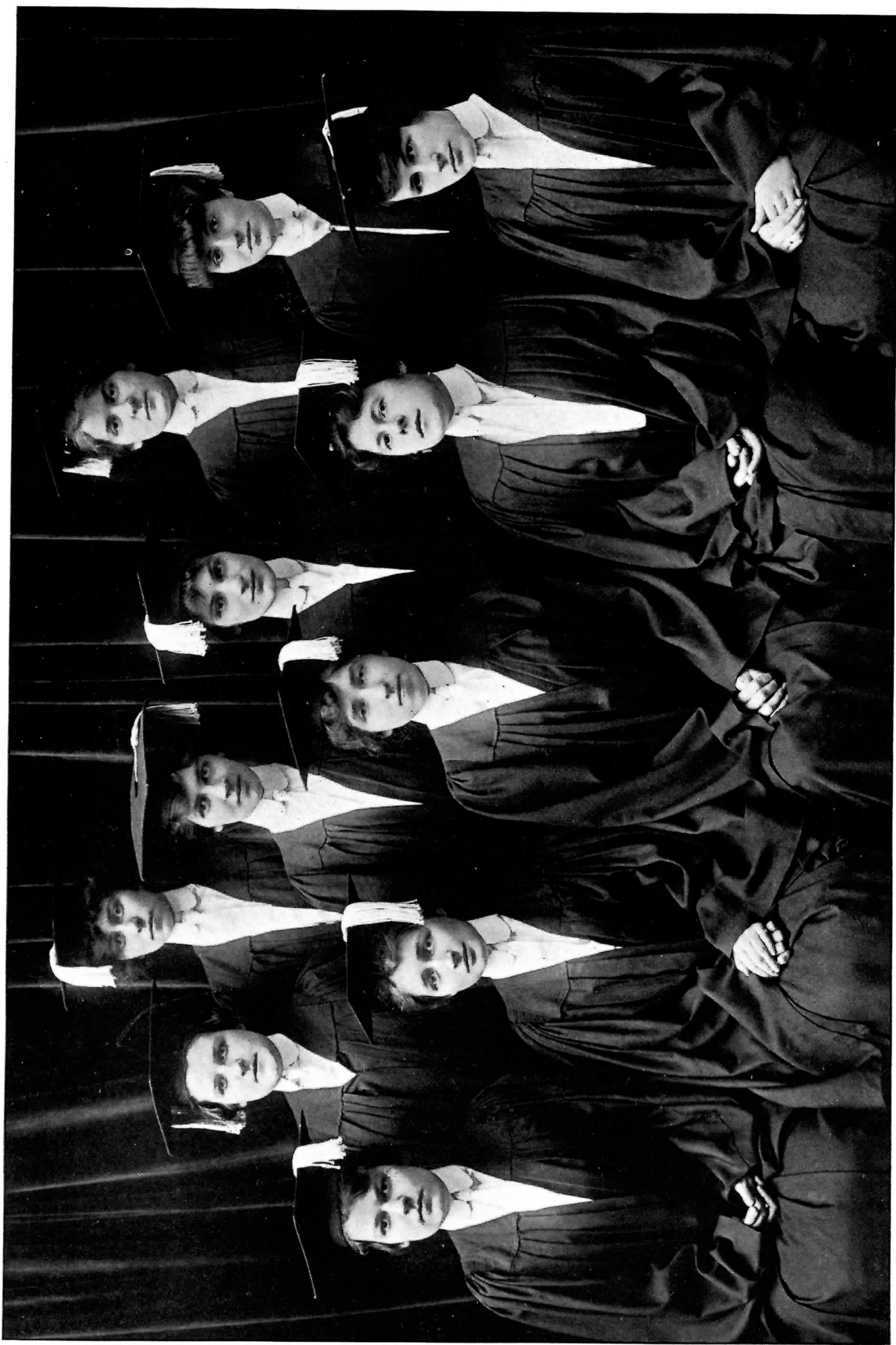
From early, glowing smoke filled Fall

Throuh white-robed winter on to budding Spring,

* * * * *

Ah, classmates dear, have we not loved it all?





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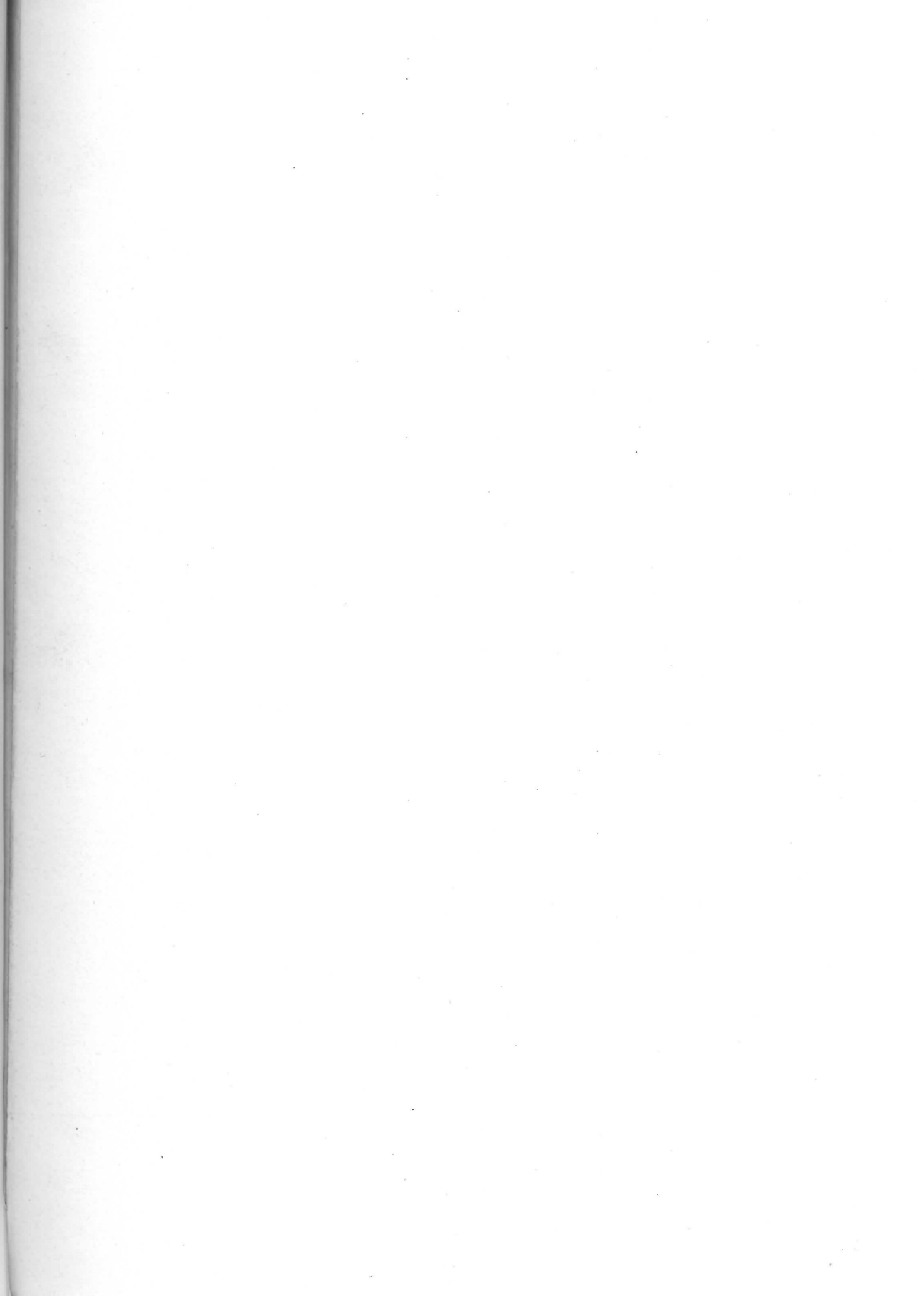
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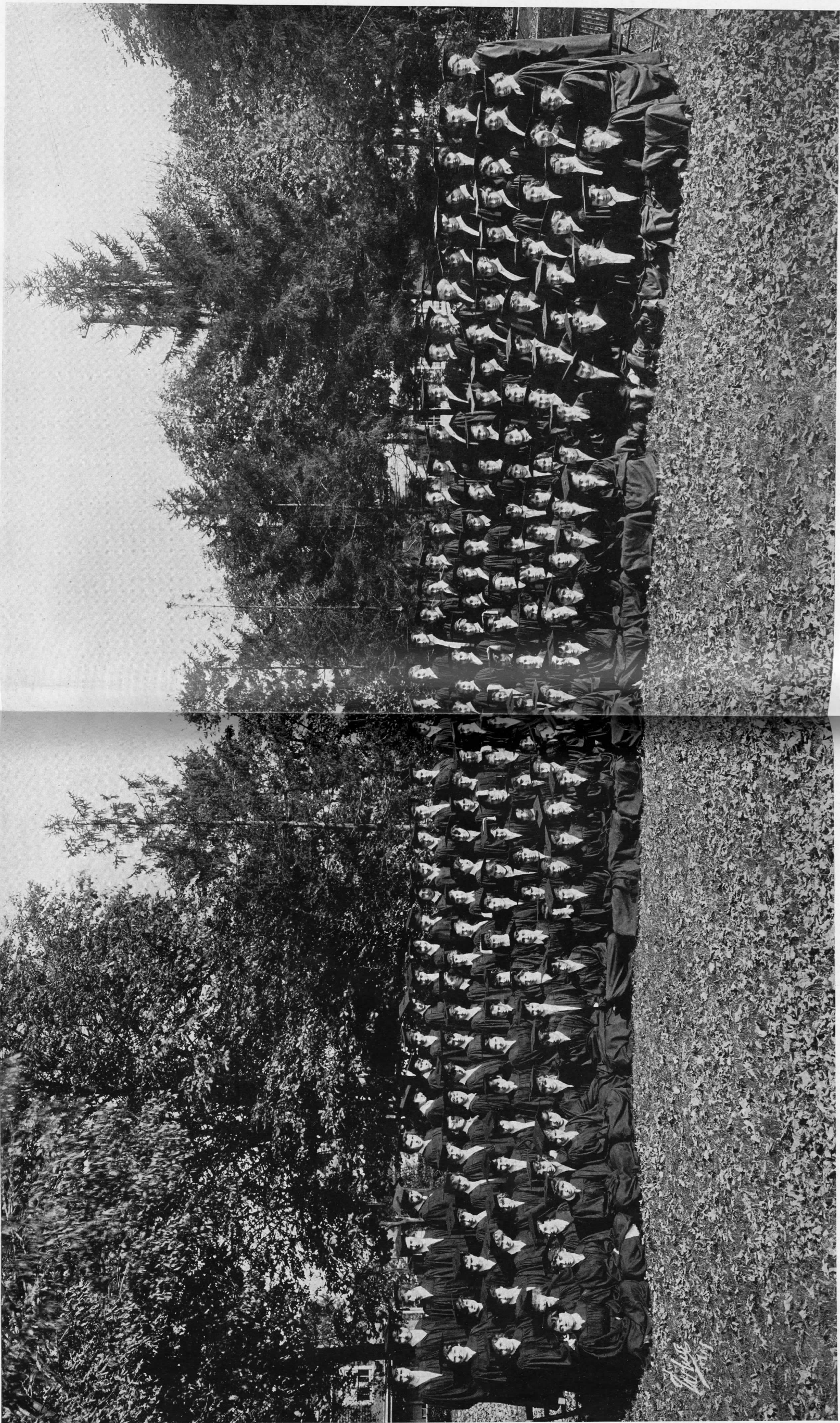
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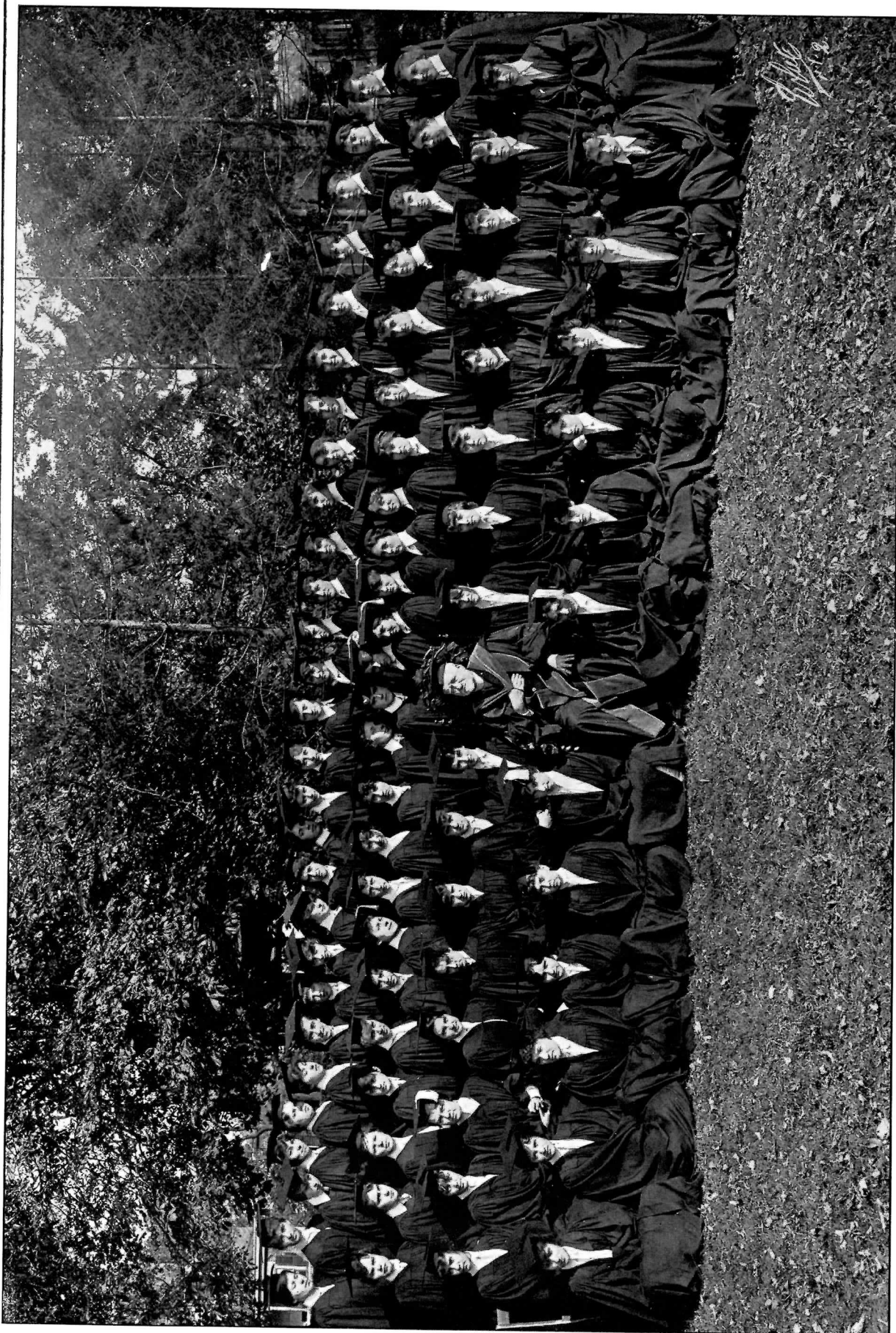
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Alpha Alpha

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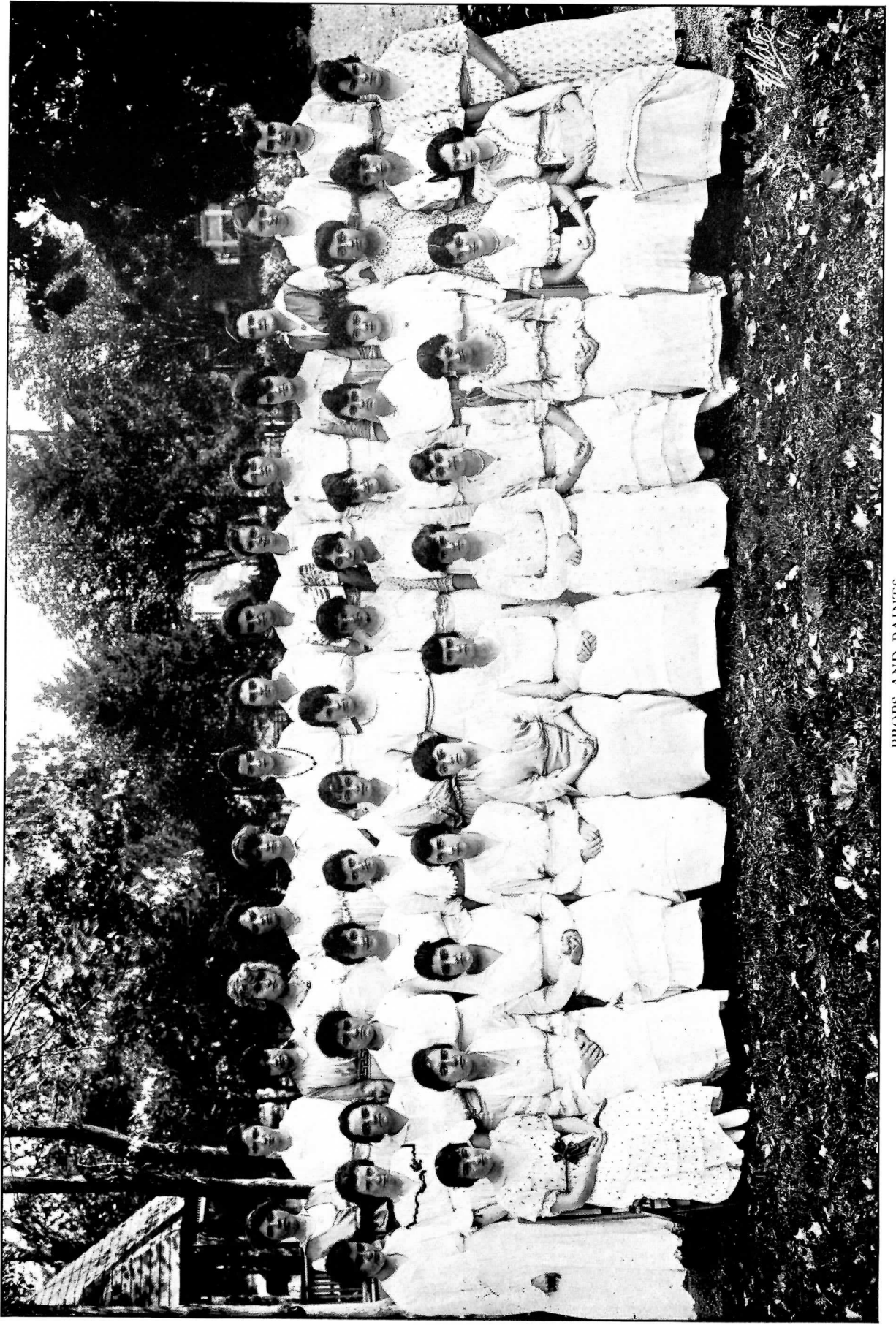
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All Plays Under the Direction of
MRS. ESTELLE H. DAVIS



MID-YEAR PLAY—"THE TEMPEST"

Mid-Deer Play

Hotel Plaza, Saturday, February 12, 1916

"The Tempest"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alonzo, King of Naples.....	Helen Zaremba '17
Sebastian, his brother.....	Julie Smith '17
Prospero, the rightful duke of Milan.....	Alida Hamilton '16
Antonio, the usurping duke of Milan, brother to Prospero.....	Gertrude Sullivan '16
Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples.....	Clare Sheehan '17
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor Naples.....	Hester Mooney '17
Adrian { Lords }	Helen Casey '18
Francisco { }	Gertrude Fleming '18
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.....	Maria Cendoya '16
Frinculo, a jester.....	Marian Baxter '17
Stephano, a drunken butler.....	Ann Hynes '16
Master of Ship.....	Mary Clarey '17
Miranda, daughter of Prospero.....	Helena Cuddihy '16
Ariel, an airy spirit.....	Anne Hamilton '16
Iris { Spirits, employed in the masque }	Rosalie Donlin '16
Ceres { }	Kathryn Cocks '18
Juno { }	Charlotte Mulligan '16
Nymphs—The Misses Dorothy Donovan, Ruth McMahon, Frances Petty, Anne Smith.	
Reapers—The Misses Mary Barret, Isabelle Egan, Helen O'Brien, Helen Langdon.	
Strange Shapes—The Misses M. Shaunessy, H. McKenna, I. Kelly, G. O'Connell, V. Waldron, M. Greene.	

Sophomore Class Play

December 16, 1915

"Everyman"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Messenger.....	Kathryn Cocks
Dethe.....	Helen Casey
Everyman.....	Gladys McLaughlin
Fellowship.....	Dorothy Donovan
Cosyn.....	Marie Bogart
Kyndrede.....	Harriet Burns
Goodes.....	Ruth McMahon
Knowledge.....	Elizabeth Brady
Confessyon.....	Margaret Keane
Beaute.....	Helen Closs
Strengthe.....	Dolly Ryan
Dyscrecyon.....	Loretta Branon
Five-Wyttes.....	Helen McCann
Angell.....	Louise Schleich
Doctour.....	Kathryn Cocks

Junior Class Plays

Thursday, February 24, 1916

"Two Jolly Bachelors"

CHARACTERS:

Sybil Heathcote.....Hester Mooney
Julia Mainwaring.....Gertrude Sullivan

Time—Present.

Scene—Bachelor Apartments

"The Honor of the Class"

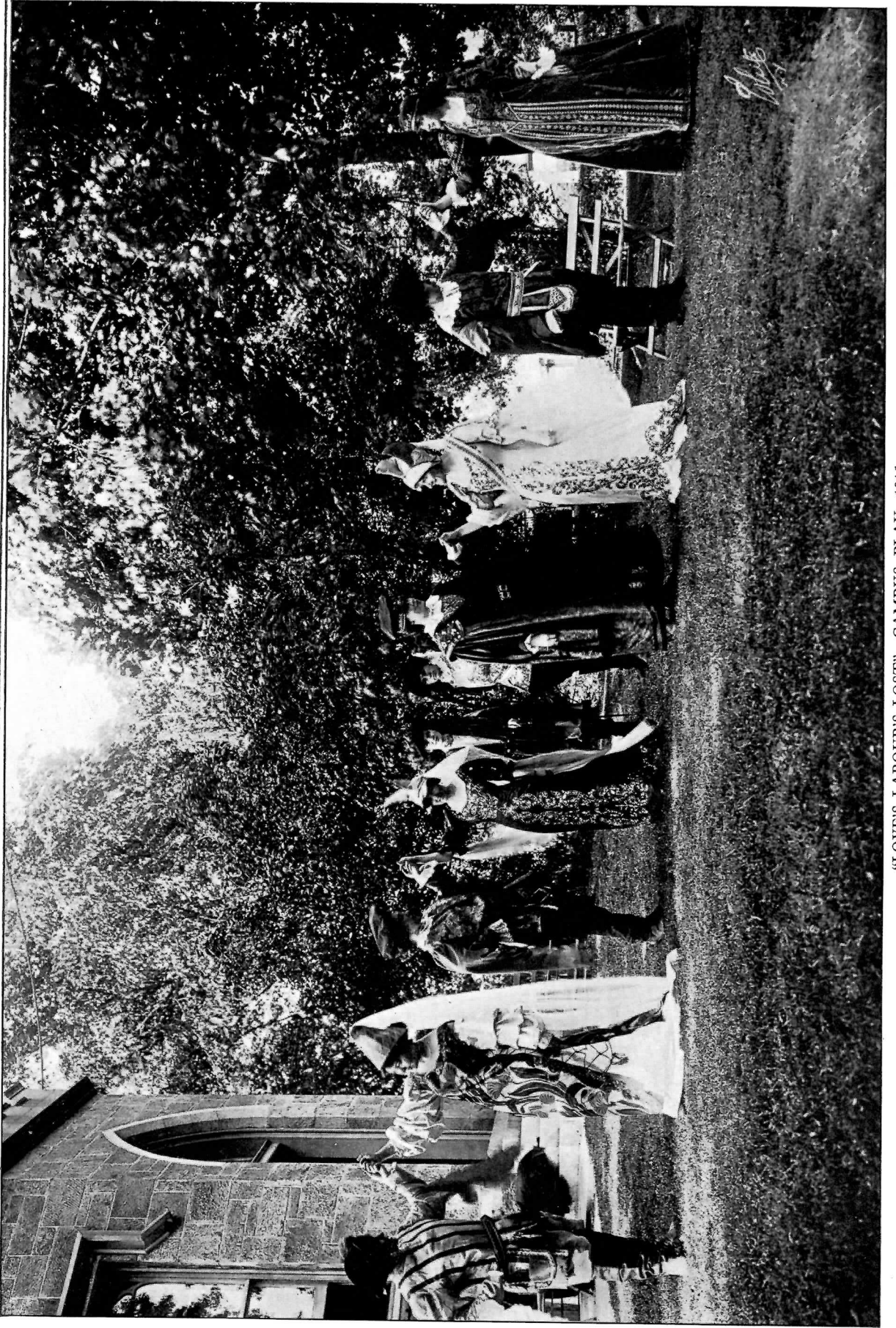
Eleanor Maud Crane

THE CLASS

Evelyn Thornton, Class President.....Marion Manning
Carol Bennett, Class Joke.....Marion Baxter
Leonore Rutherford, Class Shark.....Helen O'Donell
Gwendoline Prescott, Class Favorite.....Marie Burnes
Edith Harris, Class Beauty.....Helen Zaremba
Theo. Willis, Class Secretary.....Anita McLoughlin
Alice Hubbard, Class Treasurer.....Helen Ratchford
Mildred Merrill, Class Baby.....Alice O'Brien
Miss Elizabeth Carter, Class Principal.....Clare Sheehan

Time—Present

Scene—Leonore Rutherford's study in Miss Carter's select Boarding-school for
Young Ladies



"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST"—CAMPUS PLAY, 1915

Senior Campus Play

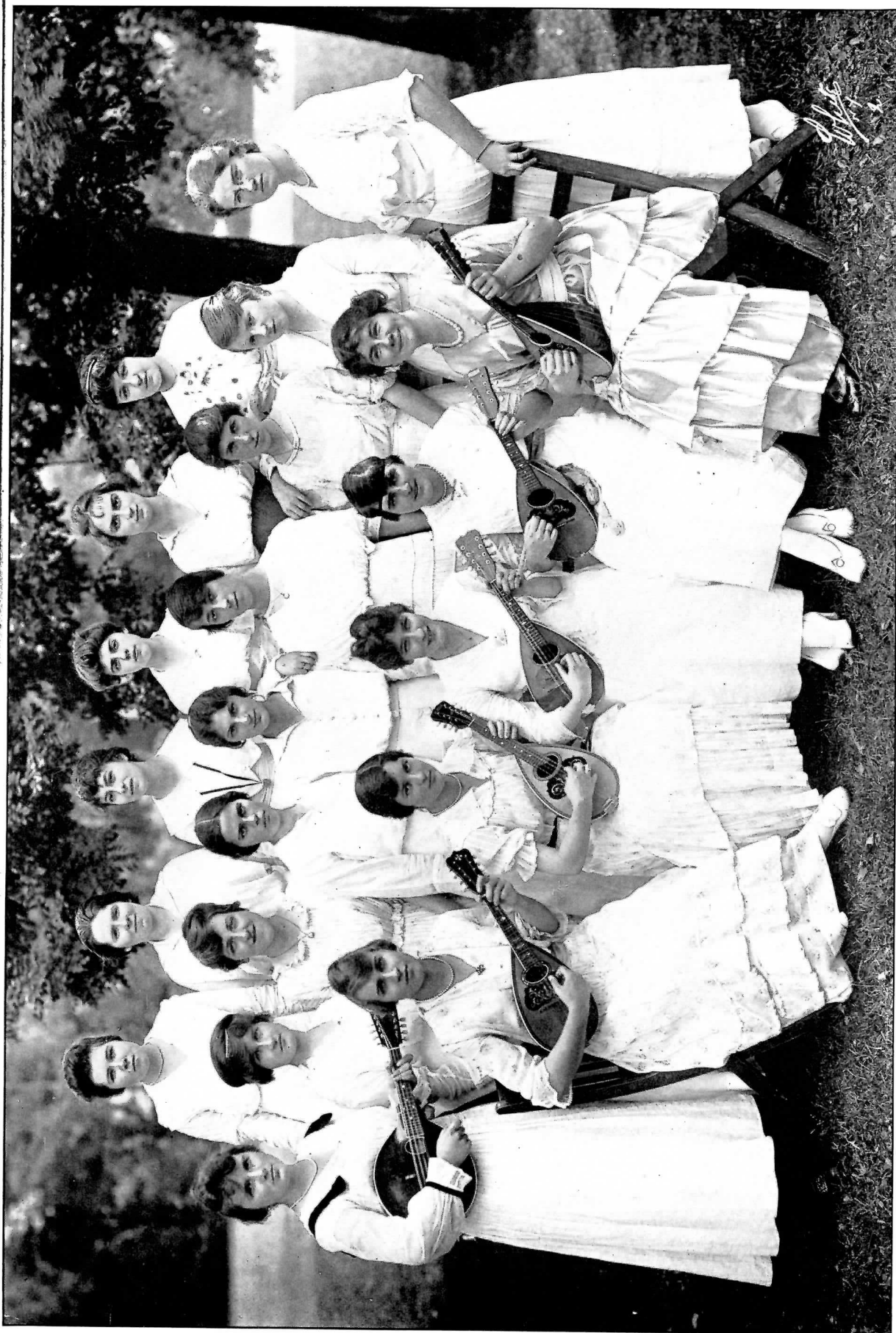
MONDAY, MAY 29, 1916.

The Romancers—Rostrand.

PERCINET, a lover.....	<i>Anne Hamilton</i>
STRAFORCE, a bravo.....	<i>Ann Hynes</i>
BERGAMIN, father of Percinet.....	<i>Maria Cendoya</i>
PASQUINOT, father of Sylvette.....	<i>Gladys Judge</i>
BLAISE, a gardener.....	<i>Alida Hamilton</i>
SYLVETTE, daughter of Pasquinot.....	<i>Adele Brady</i>



THE GLEE CLUB



MANDOLIN CLUB



The Choir.



<i>Choir Mistress</i>	CHARLOTTE V. MULLIGAN '16
<i>Mandolin President</i>	BELLE WHEELER '16
<i>Mandolin Accompanist</i>	CORNELIA KELLY '16

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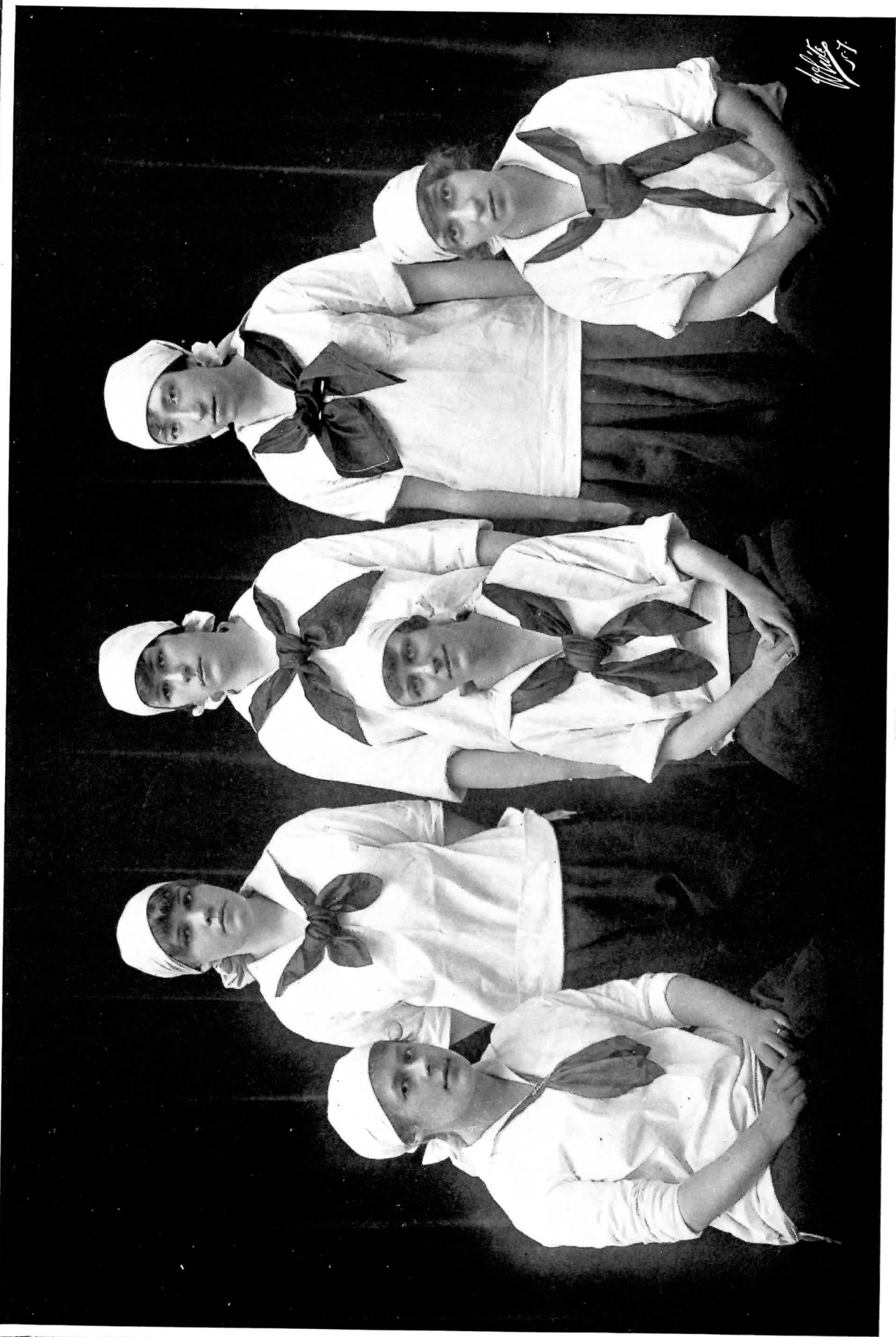


C.N.R



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Wearers of the N. R.

1916

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NATALIE COLLINS

IRENE KOMORA
HELEN LANGDON
MONICA RYAN

1917

MARION BAXTER
MARIE BURNS
MARY CLARY

MARJORIE DIXON
VIRGINIA HYLAN
GERTRUDE SULLIVAN

1918

EUNICE TIMMONS

1919

HELEN HAYES

VIRGINIA WALDRON

Varsity Team

ADELE BRADY (Cap.)
MARIAN BAXTER
MARY CLARY (Mgr.)

IRENE KOMORA
GERTRUDE SULLIVAN
EUNICE TIMMONS

Varsity Games

	N. R.	OPP.
N. R. vs. St. Elizabeth (at S. E.)	25	18
N. R. vs. South Norwalk (at S. N.)	56	10
N. R. vs. Adelphi (Brooklyn)	18	23
N. R. vs. St. Elizabeth (at N. R.)	25	8
N. R. vs. Adelphi (at N. R.)	26	26
N. R. vs. South Norwalk (at N. R.)	19	11

Mid-Year Meet, March 25, 1916

Won by Freshmen 23—11



THE SOPHOMORE TEAM



THE FRESHMAN TEAM

The Saint Angela Quarterly

Published by the Students of the College of New Rochelle, at New Rochelle,
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ALMANAC



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Alumnae Dance

March 5, 1916

Delmonico's, New York City

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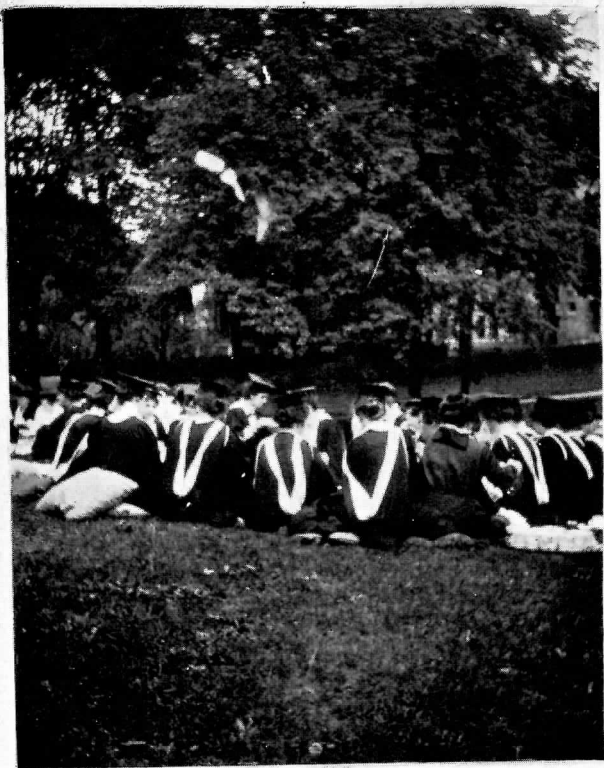
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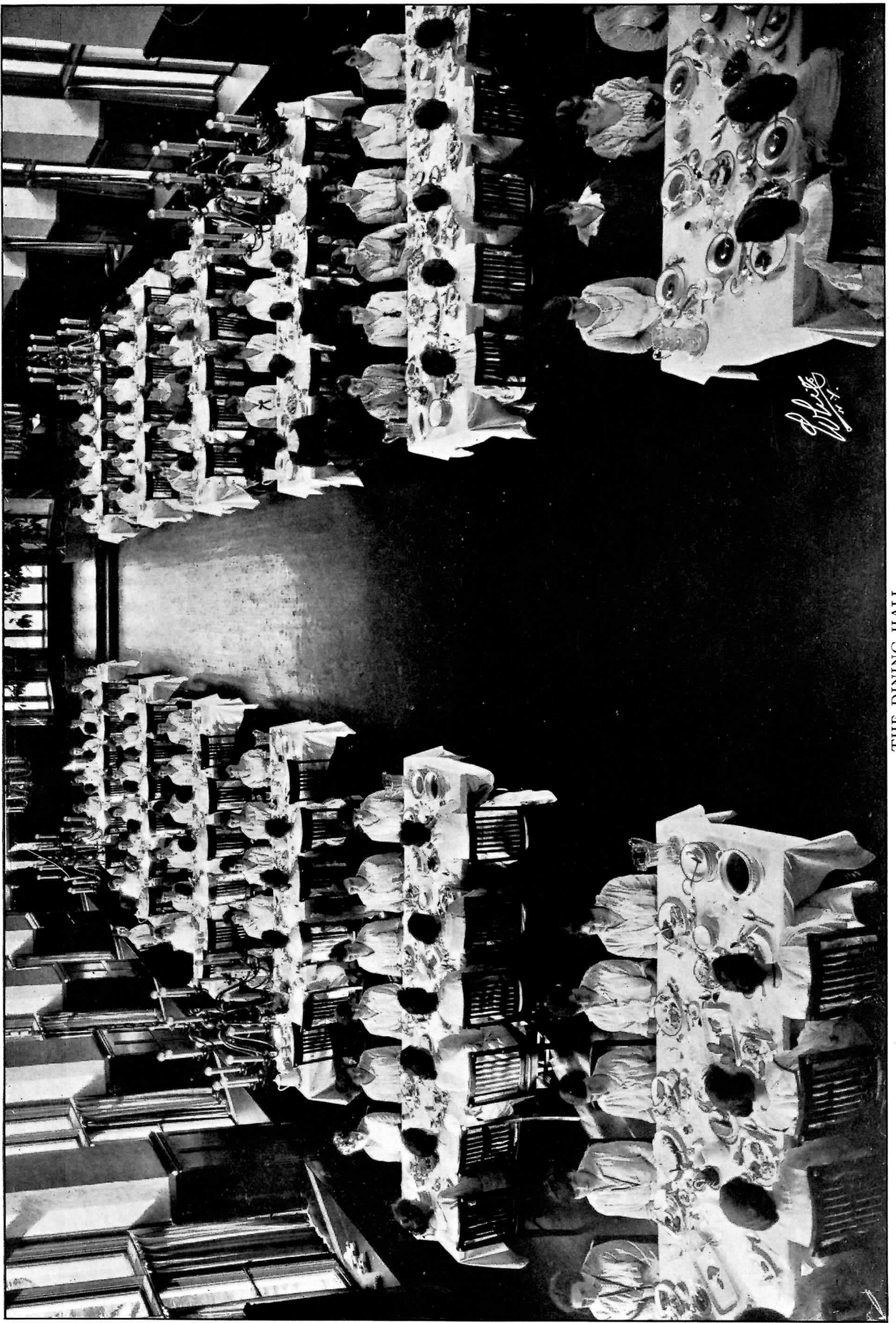
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EDITH SWIFT

WINIFRED DEMAREST

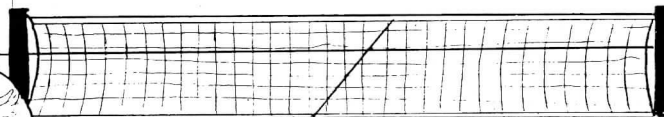
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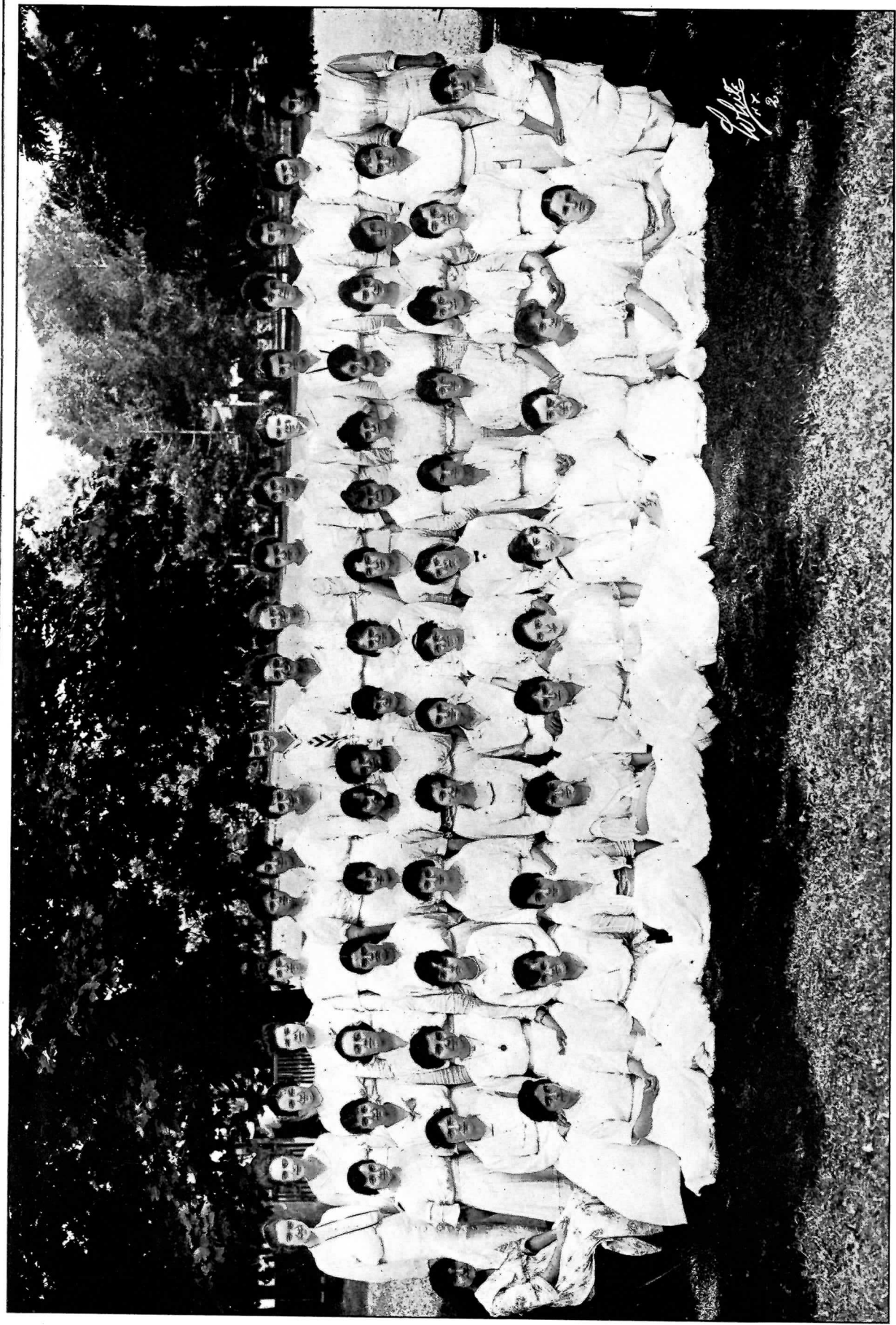




THE DINING HALL

CLASS HISTORIES





THE FRESHMEN

Freshman Class History



THE sound of voices outside the summer house aroused me from a day-dream, and I became an interested listener to the following monologue: "Really interested in my career, eh? Well, listen my friend and you shall hear the wild, wild tale of my Freshman Year. I arrived September twentieth, with sixty-one timid, tearful and tender Freshmen. (Don't laugh, ignorant one! That is alliteration.) 'Mediately were we whirled into the vortex of college life. That is, we registered, chased elusive trunks, and received 'six months' every time we asked uncious upper class men if they were Freshies. 'S a fact!

"The day after our arrival the Juniors gave us a little party, at which we acquired many useful things, such as information, lollypops, and 'cases.' What? Hazing? Oh yes, it was extremely thrilling (in anticipation)! We chased a frozen substance 'cross a smooth surface with strange weapons commonly called spoons. Long-suffering Sophs led us through the intricate mazes of the 'one-step,' and thence to bed. We had a wonderful time, but that night we all dreamt of hazings—they say dreams go by opposites, you know.

"After that, we felt thoroughly acclimated, and proceeded to the business at hand—electing officers, organizing a basket ball team, and rushing upper classmen. Then the Sophomores invited us to a delightful dance, at which we enjoyed ourselves immensely, and discovered that the Sophs really were nice and 'likable.'

"Time passed, and we were becoming quite blasé, when the engagement of the Class of 1919 to the Class of 1917 was formally announced. You heard about the wedding, didn't you? Yes, Kitty made a stunning bride, and we quite envied the Junior President who 'stood blushing with a husband's pride and love.' That same evening we had reason to admire the ingenuity of the bride's father, who calmly pocketed his hoary beard when the dance commenced,—why—we just can't say.

"Outside of these exciting events we were quite calm—but say, it makes me howl every time I think of what we all but did to the Sophs, the night they gave 'Everyman.' Cheer up! 'Everything comes to him who waits.'

"After New Year's, we in turn, entertained the Sophs, and everybody had a 'glorious time.' We were waxing very enthusiastic over College life when 'Mid-Years' came—and went—leaving us limp and exhausted. However, we regathered our vitality and resources, and turned our attention to the production of the Class play. Success? O that goes without saying! In between times we executed many little impromptu stunts, such as clown dances, and impersonations.

"Also in the course of time we entertained the Juniors, to the great delight of many stricken Freshies. O, and the Meet! It was great fun in more than one sense of the word. But I had better run along now. I see friend Junior over there. Oh, by the way, have you heard the two latest? No? Well—why are the History Recitation marks like a baseball score? Can't guess? All innings and no runs. Ha! Ha! Here is the other: Why are Bessie's cases like attention? Because they wax and wane!

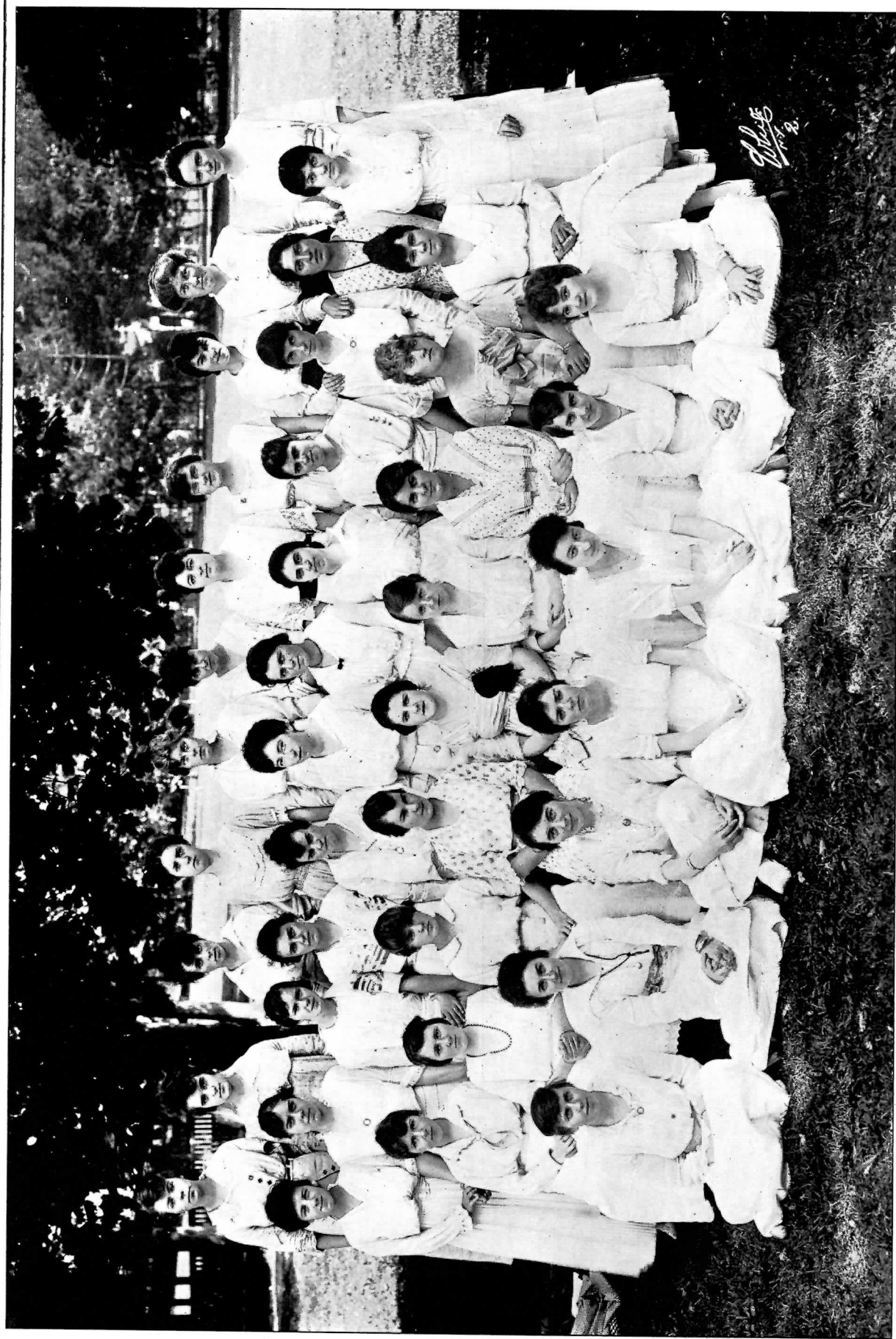
"Well, so long. What? don't know who I am? Why Frisk, the Freshman mascot of course." Curious, I turned around and beheld the speaker's erstwhile audience—a little yellow dog,—gazing at me quizzically, while a white woolly Pom, upheld by a huge dark blue bow, scudded merrily across the campus to its "Junior friend."

Officers of Freshman Class

<i>President</i>	CATHERINE BUCKLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN COGAN
<i>Secretary</i>	ANNA MANNING
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET BALL
<i>Members of the Student Advisory Board</i>						{CATHERINE BUCKLEY HELEN COGAN







THE SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class History

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

Now, thro' our magic mirror clear,
That hangs before us all the year,
Shadows of college life appear,
 Crossing the campus green.

And 'mid the throng of school girls gay,
That treads an old familiar way
Comes a lass—who is she, pray?
 Milady of eighteen.

And in our web we still delight
To weave the mirror's magic sight.

Such a host of shadows! and we have woven them all, so we will tell you the story of eighteen as we read it in our web.

It was the very first night of her "sophomority" that milady took it upon herself to christen nineteen nineteen and to free her from ORIGINAL sin; and when this necessary task was done, she felt free to go away and play the long summer through. And with September milady of eighteen came back and when she beheld the Freshmen she thought to "Stop! Look! Listen!" for the baby she had christened had grown beyond her expectations during the summer, and was even now indulging in the art of Terp-sichore.

But when milady sought to execute her well-laid plans in accordance with her belief that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, she learned that

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 . . . Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

which is a poetic way of saying, "Hazing is abolished."

So milady swallowed this decree in the form of an informal party to this new and "very odd" little sister.

Time stole by and milady worked and played; made and broke filipinos with her companions, until November crept in and thoughts of gay good times, and she asked her new little sister to come and dance with her in the blue-bedecked living-room. And here, in our web, we read: "They came that night into a vritable 'Blue Paradise.'"

Then, when the dance was over, milady of eighteen turned her steps to other paths and soon we learned she was "The Only Girl" to play before us "Everyman." And the next we see in our web is milady again with nineteen, and once more she is "Dancing Around."

And now a troop of damsels sad,
With note-books, blotters, pencils, pad
—For grinding hard is now the fad
Of girls in N. R. C.

And often thro' the silent night
Thro' the transom shines a light—
What can this shadow be?

Ah! yes—our web tells us,—it is the girls preparing for exams and qualies, “The Things That Count.”

And now what mean these dark shadows that pass and are reflected in our mirror? We see banners flying and balls tossing; and we know that milady and nineteen have come to “The Great Divide” and that, for the time, each to the other has become “The Dummy.”

But let such phantom shapes pass!—for the next is pleasing and we say to ourselves “To-Night’s the Night,” for milady of eighteen tosses her “Goldenlocks” behind the footlights—it is the night of her class play!

Now often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some flying taxi, gliding light,
Speeds down to Pepperday.

—and we rejoice, for now we see milady of eighteen and her fairy godmother, “Alone At Last.”

The pictures now grow rarer in our web; and milady of eighteen seems sad, for through the mirror passes the shadow of her fairy godmother wearing a wondrous hood, and as we listen we hear milady cry

Old year, you must not die,
You gave me a friend and a godmother sweet,
And the new year will take her away.
Old year you shall not die;

We did so laugh and cry with you,
We’ve half a mind to die with you,
Old year if you must die.

And soon, ah very soon, milady of eighteen is reflected in our mirror, satchel-burdened—and we realize that it is vacation time, her “Hit-the-Trail Holiday” and as her shadow passes through the glass we can hear her say: “I’m off for home—“Hip, hip, hooray,”

and so

Out flies the web and now floats wide;
The mirror cracks from side to side;
She’s left, for just a time—our pride
Milady of eighteen,

and so we lay our web aside.

Officers of Sophomore Class

<i>President</i>	MARGARET KEANE
<i>Vice-President</i>	JULIA RYAN
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH BRADY
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN McCANN
<i>Members of the Student Advisory Board</i>						{ MARGARET KEANE JANE MAHONEY





Junior Week—1916

Wednesday, February twenty-third

Morning—Junior Assembly

Afternoon—Theatre Party

Evening—Seventeen's Social

Thursday, February twenty-fourth

Morning— ? ? ?

Afternoon—Luncheon—Pepperday

Evening—Class Play

Friday, February twenty-fifth

Morning—Priming Hours

Evening—Junior Prom

Junior Week Committees

ARRANGEMENTS

MARY P. CLARY, *Chairman*

MADelyn BRADY

HELEN KINGSLEY

ALICE MADIGAN

GERTRUDE O'CONNOR

HELEN T. RATCHFORD

PLAY COMMITTEE

HESTER MOONEY, *Chairman*

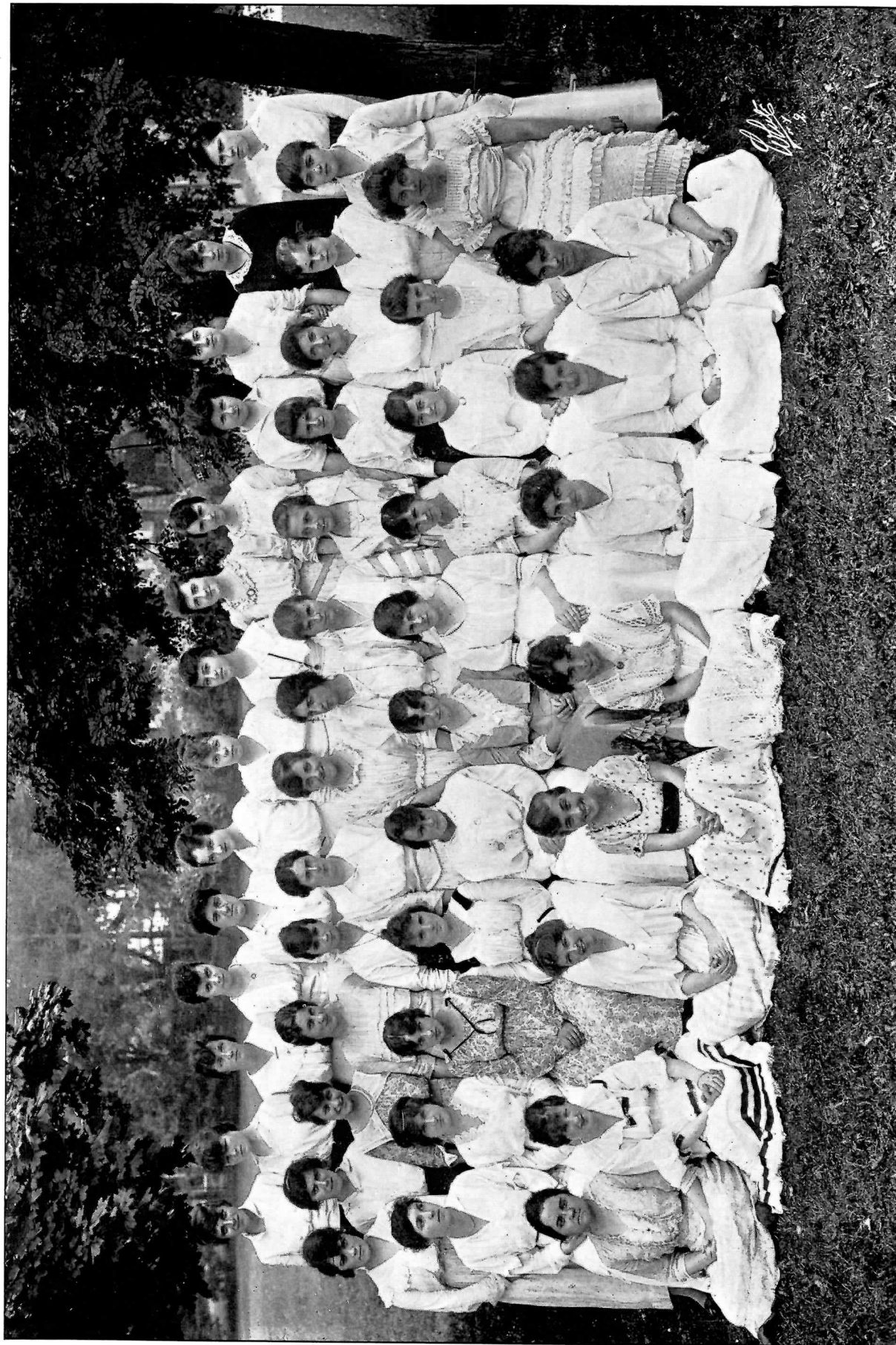
MARIE BURNES

MARION MANNING

MARIE MASON

LORETTO McNAMARA

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN



THE JUNIORS

Edited by the students of the Class of 1917, College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, New York

SUBSCRIPTION

One book will be given free to any person contributing "Success"

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DOLORES DOHERTY

Editorial

An Appreciation

We, the Junior Class of the College of New Rochelle, after mature deliberation, but with no malice or afterthought, have decided to edit a "Yearly" for the enlightenment of the world in general and of the College in particular.

We are prompted to do this by a sense of duty, for, knowing our own worth and individuality, we feel it is only right that we transmit a small portion at least to our friends and patrons.

Let us begin by saying that we are a wonderful class, rarely talented and still more rarely clever. In every branch of literature and art we seem to radiate knowledge. We might take, for example, that interesting and inspiring subject—Philosophy. We are so brilliant, our remarks are such revelations that our Professor has promised to publish a book containing our philosophic answers.

In Chemistry we outshine the Bunsen flame itself, and we are sharper than the most concentrated acid.

So, kind readers, you can readily see that of all the classes in College, our class is the most appreciated, the most admired, the most beloved—by the Juniors themselves.

Just for Auld Lang Syne

We'll love our dear old Freshman days
Wherever we may be,
For Sophomore Year we'll give a cheer,
We love its memory;
But the happiest days of College life,
The days we think divine,
We dedicate to Junior Year
Just for auld lang syne.
The friends we made in Junior Year
Seem stauncher, truer far
Than any friends that are to be
Or any friends that were,
And so, wherever we may go
Our thoughts will 'ere incline
Toward happy, joyous Junior Year
Just for auld lang syne.

Hot Pourri

We would like to enlighten the Business Members of the Quarterly Staff on one small point. When said members are admitted to the Staff, they are presented with a key. Now, the object of this key is to *open* the *Quarterly* Store—not to take up space in a bureau drawer in the Residence Hall.

The Misses Loretta McNamera, '17, and Janet Lynch, '16, have been fined for singing too often the following popular songs: "Absent," "Forgotten," "Just a Wearin' for You."

Father Halpin—"Must every one have operations, Miss G?"

Miss G (awakening from a little nap)—"Oh! no, Father, just Miss Cuddihy and Miss Duffy."

The Junior element of Elective Latin class wishes to announce its intention of taking a Post Graduate Course on the "Value of Cases."

Regular elections of Sigma Mu were held March twenty-third. The ceremony was most impressive. The Sergeant-at-Arms, tall and mighty, stood in the center of the room and held the irreproachable "faces" o'er her. Each Sigma Muist, hand placed solemnly thereon, swore to love, cherish and obey the Constitution.

A Syllogism

Experience is the most expensive teacher.

An experiment is the result of experience.

Therefore an experiment is the most expensive teacher.

Proof—Four dresses gracing the walls of a Junior's closet—each dress containing twenty acid holes.

Any girl who is going thru College life "arushin'" had better "watch her step."

Qualifying examinations for Sigma Mu members will take place the last week in May.

Any young girl wishing to become a Philosophy teacher, apply to Junior Philosophy Class three times a week. You'll change your vocation!

Miss Marie Tracy was called before the railroad commissioners and requested either to buy an extra ticket for her traveling bag on Sunday night, or else not have it so laden with eatables that it takes two conductors to carry it off the train. Take the former advice, Marie!

Mary once had fifty cents,
She swore she wouldn't lend it,
And every time she looked at it
She thought of how she's spend it.

But one night it was just at eight
She went to visit Laura,
An A.B. caught her in the room
And spent the fifty for her.

Class Notes

On September twenty-fifth the Junior Class was reunited after the summer months and began its Junior year under the competent guidance of Helen O'Reilly. College life was the same, yet different, for in place of our beloved elder sisters of 1915 we found awaiting us sixty little sisters. It was then that we awoke to the realization that we were truly upperclassmen, with all the honor and dignity attached to the name. We had no fears for the welfare of 1919, however, for we found her a strong, spirited class from the very beginning.

October twenty-second marked the establishment of a new precedent by the Class of 1917, called the Office of Investiture. The night was ideal, one of those mysterious, shadowy, wonderful October nights when the harvest moon shone in all its splendour and a million tiny stars peeped out and smiled down with their queer little twinkly eyes.

About eight o'clock we Juniors assembled, each one in cap and gown, each carrying a tiny blue lantern. The Freshmen met in the Castle and in contrast to our sombre robes, wore white regulations.

Out of the stillness of the night the chapel bell resounded and slowly, silently, we marched in single file on each side of the Residence Hall, until we formed a semi-circle around Father Halpin and Reverend Mother, who were to bestow the caps and gowns. With "Just a Song at Moonlight" we reminded the Freshmen that this was "the beginning of their dreams and all the joys of dear old College life."

We all felt the deep solemnity of the occasion, and every heart thrilled with mingled joy and sadness when Father Halpin, in words which seemed inspired, spoke of the beauty and impressiveness of the ceremony. It made every one realize more than ever how deeply we love dear old New Rochelle.

The first social event of Junior Year was held on November twenty-third, when we Juniors celebrated our second marriage. The Freshman president, representing '19, was the bride, the Junior president, representing '17, the groom. Dressed in wedding attire, Miss Buckley made a very charming bride, but we feel that, naturally, the groom was admired most by the young ladies of the College. After congratulations had been extended, the two classes withdrew to the Dinnig Hall, where a wedding supper was served.

The third series of 1917's plays was held in the Gymnasium on January nineteen. Considering the time spent on the Play and various other difficulties under which the committee labored, we feel that the success attained was well merited.

We are urging the Yama Yama chorus to apply for a season at the Metropolitan. The side-splitting "Movie" and Dialogue will never be forgotten by any one present who had the slightest sense of humor.

Did you ever talk about, dream about, live on the anticipation of anything for half a year? That is what we Juniors did, and when Junior week actually came the reality was far more wonderful than even our most wonderful dreams.

Every moment was taken up with some excitement and the only criticism we have of the week is that it was all too short.

Wednesday we had a theatre party in the city and when we returned Mother De Sales surprised us with a Junior supper. Then we had Class night in the Living Room, and for the time we forgot we were Juniors while talking about and singing the songs of good old Freshman and Sophomore days.

Thursday we all went to Pepperday for luncheon and Thursday night was the Class Play given by the Dramatic element of the Class. It was a huge success and afforded all a merry laugh.

But this is really only the preamble to the most wonderful part of Junior Week—the Prom. It is rather a dangerous thing to mention the Prom now, for you are apt to see a few tears stealing down a cheek or hear a pathetic voice say: “Oh, *please* don’t mention the Prom, or I’ll be ‘off’ again!”

Many a Junior fell victim to the charms of some fortunate young man, while dancing to the music of an exquisite waltz.

However, it is all over now and we have only the memories to live on until 1918 gives her Prom next year. Then we hope once again to “trip the light fantastic toe” at the Biltmore.

The Junior Oratorical Contest was held March fourteenth. Every girl who spoke displayed wonderful ability, but the first place was given to Clare Sheehan and the second to Gertrude Sullivan.

Athletic Notes

The Junior-Senior Meet was held on March twenty-fifth in spite of urgent opposition. Much to the regret of both parties, the basketball game was called off, owing to the fact that the Freshmen and Sophomores decided to play a game that same afternoon.

“Morning exercises” at 8.30 have been reduced to three times a week instead of daily, as heretofore. The Juniors feel the evil effects of this change greatly.

The basketball team that has never been defeated suffered its third defeat yesterday afternoon by a score 6—0. The score was deuce until the ninth inning, but the opposing team kicked a goal and so our running center was put out on third.

Regular athletic meetings will take place once a year hereafter. Business is thriving!

From Other Classes of Learning

A new and excellent custom has been established by the Class of 1918—namely, “Sophomore Week.” “Resignation Week,” which followed immediately, proved equally as exciting.

The Senior Class is a very well organized class, for it has a “King and an “Alida.”

The Sophomore motto seems to be: “Better be six months too early than a minute too late”—especially when it comes to issuing invitations.

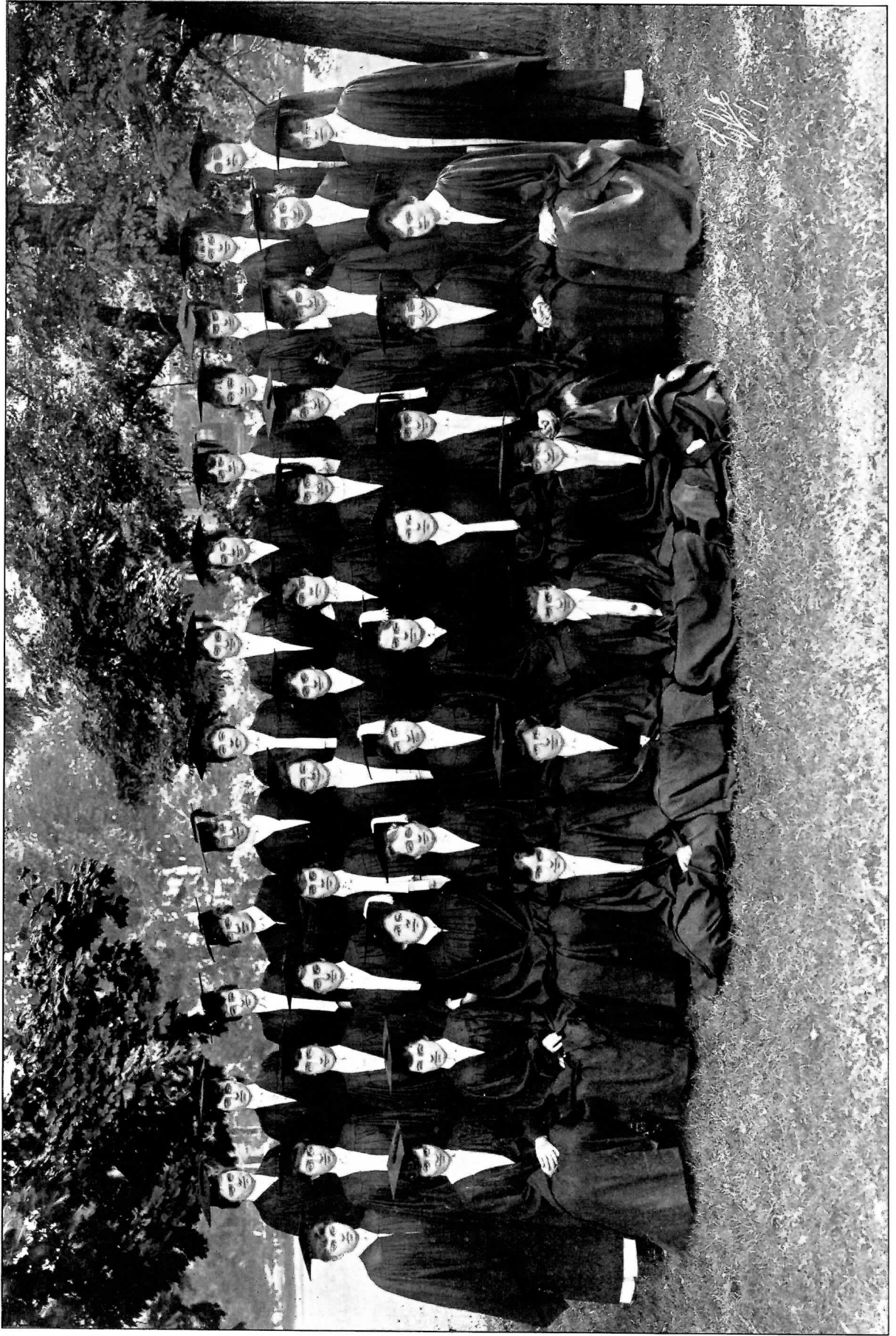
The Freshman Class is very retiring when on third corridor, otherwise they are far from being so.

It is rumored that the Senior Class is extremely truthful and that *one* night they stayed up until 10.15 playing “Truth.”

Junior Class

<i>President</i>	HELE F. O'REILLY
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN KINGSLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	MARION MANNING
<i>Treasurer</i>	AGNES DRENNAN
<i>Student Advisory Board</i>	{ HELE O'REILLY
					{ CLAIRE SHEEHAN
					{ MARY CLARY





THE SENIORS

Sixteen in College Land

*Comrades. Sixteen's History take
And with a gentle hand
Place it where happy dreams are twined
In Memories golden band,
Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers,
Plucked in a far-off land.*

In the Woods



WEET Sixteen was sure she was dreaming. So many trunks simply *couldn't* be needed in one spot. Trunks, trunks, trunks; fat trunks, lean trunks, long trunks, squat trunks, piled high on the porch of every somber little cottage—a very world of Cottages, and Sixteen had just arrived.

She had scarcely made herself comfortable on a tiny hat trunk, when the houses seemed to fade into the distance, the trunks became trunks of trees, and Sixteen found herself sitting on a rock, under a tree, in a very dense woods.

She was just beginning to think herself a very much frightened and lonesome girl when two odd figures came running up the path and quite took Sixteen's thoughts from herself. "They are evidently playing follow the leader," thought Sixteen, as she watched the younger one in cerise and black follow closely in her older sister's steps.

"Who are they?" she wondered, "Antipathies I think." (She was glad no one was listening because it didn't sound at all the right word.)

By this time the Antipathies had come quite close and they looked Sixteen over from top to toe and back again. She began to feel oh, so small and timorous, and when the younger Antipathy suddenly (without any warning) handed her a note, she almost fell over with surprise.

When Sixteen had watched them out of sight, she hastily opened the note and read:

Come, I'll take no denial,
We must have a trial.
For really this evening I've nothing to do.
You must wear old striped clothes,
And protect well your nose,
For you'll get what is coming to you.
I'll be judge, I'll be jury,
So beware of my fury,
You'll be hazed well before I get through.

Sixteen was just a little frightened at this fierce sounding summons, although she knew, deep down in her heart, that she was twice as big as Sophia Antipathy, and really shouldn't be afraid.

"Oh, I wish I'd thought to ask them what country I'm in," she said, "but then they really gave me so little chance to talk."

"Well," jumping to her feet, "the first thing to do is to make a grand survey of the country I'm going to travel through. It's something very like learning geography," thought Sixteen, as she stood on tip-toe, in hopes of being able to see a little farther.

In the distance she spied a hill surrounded by a beautiful garden. "If I could only reach the top of that hill," she said to herself, "I should be able to see the country far better, and here is a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn't do that—(after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners) but I suppose it will at last. How curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well this turn goes to the hill, I suppose, no, it doesn't." After much wandering about, Sixteen's eye was finally attracted by a sign tangent to the foot of the hill which read "FOUR YEARS' CLIMB."

"Silly old hill," thought one-third of Sixteen's brain, "who'd be bothered with taking four years to climb you! I'll try to get up another way," and so she did, but always coming back to the same angle.

"Oh, it's too bad!" she cried. "I never saw such an angle for getting in the way."

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower bed with a border of roses and a huge tree growing in the middle. "Tree of Knowledge!" cried Sixteen, clapping her hands, as she watched the printed leaves (instead of the usual green variety) turning over in the breeze.

"What wonderful, wonderful flowers!" said Sixteen, as she walked around the border. "O, Rose, I wish you could talk!"

"We can talk," said the Rose, "when there's anybody worth talking to and I was really wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, 'her face has got *some* sense in it and it's rather a clever one'" ("T. L. for me," thought Sixteen.)

"I suppose you're wondering at the great number of us," the rose continued, waving a petal toward her sisters, "but we just can't grow fast enough. You see, we're the roses used in syllogisms; now if they'd only use daisies or tulips or—well any other flower almost but—maybe you don't know what a syllogism is? You don't meet them formally till your third year on the hill."

Sixteen confessed her ignorance and the rose was beginning to explain (a little conceitedly Sixteen thought). "All Flowers are beautiful."

The rose is a flower—when at the sound of pebbles being scuffled, the Rose quietly withdrew into herself and Sixteen found herself face-to-face with the queen.

"Where are you going?" said the Queen. "Look up, speak nicely, and please to not twiddle your fingers about all the time."

Sixteen attended to all these directions and explained Apologetically (in explanation and defense) that she was on her way to climb the hill.

"I don't know what you mean by *your* way," said the Queen; "all the ways about here belong to *me*—but why did you come out here at all?" she added in a kindlier tone, "Curtsey while you're thinking what to say. It saves time."

Sixteen wondered a little at this but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. "I'll try it when I go home," she thought to herself, "the next time I'm a little late for dinner."

"It's time to answer now," the Queen said, looking at her watch. "Open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and please to come a little closer."

"I only wanted to see what the garden was like——"

"That's right," said the Queen, "Only when you say 'garden,'—*I've* seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness."

Sixteen didn't dare to argue the point, but went on: "And I thought I'd try to find my way to the top of that hill."

"When you say 'hill,'" the Queen interrupted, "I could show you hills in comparison with which you'd call that a valley."

"No I shouldn't," said Sixteen, surprised into contradicting at last. "A hill can't be a valley you know. That would be nonsense."

The Queen shook her head, "You may call it nonsense if you like," she said, "but I've heard nonsense compared with which that would be sensible as a dictionary."

Sixteen curtsied again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a little offended.

The Queen soon continued. "You seem puzzled. Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk, and please to remember who you are!"

So the Queen really thought her some one! Sixteen felt pleased and was even beginning to smile a little to herself when her pleasant thoughts were interrupted:

"So you intend climbing the hill! But do you know what's required of you first?"

"No—o," Sixteen hesitated.

"Can you do addition?" the Queen asked. "What's one campus + two suspensions + three class cuts + four fines + five chapel cuts?"

"I don't know," said Sixteen, "I lost count."

"She can't do addition," said the Queen. "Can you do subtraction? Take a privilege from a class: what remains?"

Sixteen considered. "The privilege wouldn't remain, of course, and the class *mightn't* remain, and it would lose its temper so that wouldn't remain."

"Then you think nothing would remain?" asked the Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Queen. "If you really do expect to climb that hill you'd better go look up the Flunk Chaser and get him to tell you his story. I'll send for Tweedledee; he's just the one to take you. Don't mind if he recites to you on the way though. It's a habit he has. By the way, can you recite or sing? If so, do so."

Sixteen began to sing without any hesitation:

Breen had a goat,
And boo hoo, it died.
Boo hoo, it died,
Boo hoo, it died——

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Queen, "that's far too sad. Recite something! Do you know 'How doth the——?'"

Sixteen crossed her hands, as if she were saying lessons and began to repeat the verse, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange and the words didn't come as they used to.

How doth the little busy bell
Hold over us such sway?
When children fail to heed that call
A fifty they must pay.

How loud it rings upon the breeze,
Now watch the children run.
They can't see how in paying fines,
They're having any fun.

"Goodness, that's all wrong," said the Queen, "try again. Try again!"
Sixteen began

"The younger classes hurried up all eager for the treat,
Their banner hung, their songs they sung.
Their shoes were clean and neat,
And this was right, because you see,
'Twas Freshman-Sophomore Meet."

But 'twas no treat,
For we were beat.
But that made next year's victory sweet.

Then class day came
And spread our fame
Throughout the realm they say,
Because no other class had thought
To have its own class day.

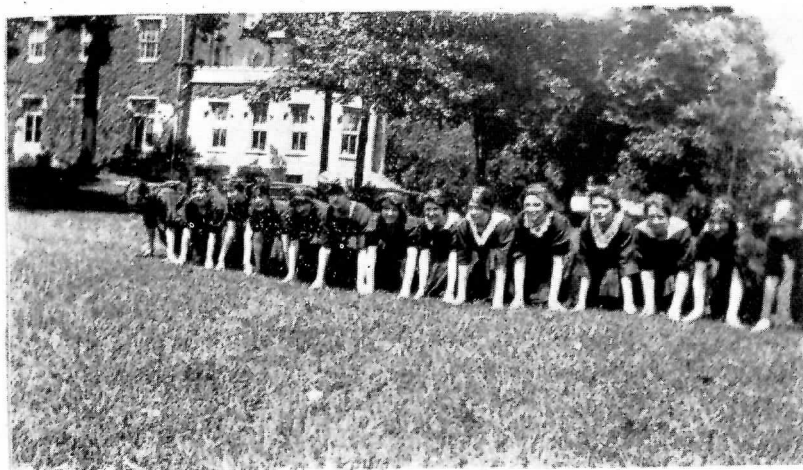
The Junior Class of N. R. C.
Went walking hand-in-hand.
They laughed like anything to see
Old Mac Namara's band.

"If they could only shout out loud,"
They said, "it would be grand."

"Enough!" cried the Queen. But poor Sixteen could no more have stopped than Father Halpin's clock on St. Patrick's day, so she went on mechanically, as if wound up—

The Freshmen to the Sophomores
(Before the year was o'er)
Paid back with interest their old debts.
As through each house they tore,
Upsetting everything in sight,
Then rushing for the door.
"How quickly all the Freshmen work,"
Just hear the poor Sophs roar.
"Oh, making up our rooms again
Is such a beastly bore!
You won our cup on May day,
What could you ask for more?"

"I know it, but 'tis our last chance
To even up the score,
To-morrow will be Tassel day
And we'll be 'Fresh' no more."



IN FRESHMEN DAYS

Indoors

Sixteen found herself in a large new building. There were doors all round but they were locked, and when Sixteen had been all the way down on side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again. How she longed for the good old times of cottages, and how she longed to get out of that dark Hall to wander about among the bright flowers; but she could not even get her head through the window. "Even if my head would go through," thought poor Sixteen, "it would be very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope. I think I could if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, she had accomplished so many out-of-the-way things lately that Sixteen had begun to think there were very few things indeed impossible for her. Had she not beaten the younger Antipathy in basketball? And had she not likewise beaten both the older and younger Antipathy in baseball? "That's a bad habit I have," said Sixteen to herself, "praising myself like that—guess I'll take a climb to the turret for a look at the Sound." Just then a gust of wind blew a piece of paper down the hall and Sixteen hastily gave chase.

"You're a very nice child," called a voice after her. When she had finally captured the paper and brought it back, there stood the Dutchess.

"Thank you, my dear," said she, "now you may have Xam every other day."

Sixteen couldn't help laughing as she said, "I don't care for Xam."

"It's Xemptional Xam, very good English Xam," said the Dutchess.

"Well, I don't care for any to-day at any rate."

"You couldn't have it if you *did* want it," the Dutchess said. "The rule is Xam to-morrow and Xam yesterday, but never Xam to-day."

"It must come sometimes to Xam to-day," Sixteen objected.

"No, it can't," said the Dutchess, "it's Xam every other day. To-day isn't every *other* day, you know."

"I don't understand you," said Sixteen. "It's dreadfully confusing."

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Dutchess said kindly, "it always makes one a little giddy at first."

"Living backwards," Sixteen repeated in great astonishment—"I never heard of such a thing."

"But there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine only works one way," Sixteen murmured. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that won't work both ways," the Dutchess remarked.

"What sort of things do you remember best?" Sixteen ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happen the week after next," the Dutchess replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now," she went on, "there's the Night Raiders—They're being punished now and the trial doesn't even begin until next Wednesday, and, of course, the crime is last of all."

"Suppose they never commit the crime," ventured Sixteen.

"That would be all the better wouldn't it?" the Dutchess said.

Sixteen felt there was no denying that.

"Of course it would be all the better," she answered, "but it wouldn't be all the better their being punished."

"You're wrong *there*, at any rate," said the Dutchess. "Were *you* ever punished?"

"Only for breaking rules," said Sixteen.

"And you were all the better for it, I know!" the Dutchess cried triumphantly.

"Yes, but then I *had* done the things I was punished for," said Sixteen. "That makes all the difference."

"But if you hadn't do——" The Dutchess' sentence was never finished, as a melancholy voice broke in:

"O classes come and walk with us,
The A. B.'s did beseech.
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk
On subjects within reach.
Of rules you never hope to keep,
Now take a warning each!"

"Don't look around or pretend you notice him," said the Dutchess in a whisper, "or he'll keep it up all day. O, goodness, he's beginning again."

"Who is it?" Sixteen managed to whisper to the Dutchess.

"The Mad March Hare. He must think we're having a tea party and he'll keep on and on if I don't set him to work so——"

"The moon was shining on the roof,
Shining with all its might.
He did his very best to make
The darkest corners bright.
And all the clans were glad because
They had no other light.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the nun
Had no business to be there
After the day was done—
'It's awfully mean of her,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'"

Before he could start off again the Dutchess spoke:

"See, it's time for you to go push out the tide, besides the furnace has gone out and the tennis court——"

There was the sound of a hurried retreat, and the Dutchess and Sixteen joined in a hearty laugh at the March Hare's hasty flight.

"Now that we've gotten rid of him, what shall we do?" inquired the Dutchess.

"Well, I've been working on this invitation," Sixteen explained, holding out a paper to the Dutchess. "Maybe you can help; it must be in rhyme, you know, but I think the feet are pigeon-toed or something."

"Let me see!" said the Dutchess, peering over her glasses and reading aloud.

"You can really have no notion how delighted I should be
If you'd come with me to Pepperday to a little dance and tea.
Will you won't you, will you won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Dutchess. "I think maybe you've repeated too often. That reminds me, stand up and repeat, 'Tis the voice of the sluggard.'"

"How she orders me about and makes me repeat lessons!" thought Sixteen. "I might just as well be in class." However, she arose and tried to repeat it, but her head was too full of the circus that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed.

'Tis the voice of the Freshman, I hear her declare,
You've made me dance round like an old grizzley bear,
I've eaten your peanuts but can't stay to tea,
So now I'll run upstairs if you'll excuse me.

"That's different from what I used to say when I was a child," said the Dutchess.

"I know it," Sixteen replied, "but I guess I must be very sleepy because"—here she found herself walking down the Lady Stairs and through the foyer and then—she found herself in the beautiful garden among the bright flower beds, at last!





IN SOPHOMORE DAYS

In the Garden

"I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so nohow—Contrarywise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic." Sixteen awoke with a start.

"Oh, thank goodness, I was only dreaming," she said to herself, then looking 'round: "I wonder where everybody is!"

"Sixteen, I want you to meet Tweedledee," said the Queen, appearing suddenly, and starting away again, leaving Sixteen staring stupidly at a tall, strange man.

"If you think I'm wax works," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Wax works weren't made to be looked at for nothing," and he laughed subtly.

"I'm sure I'm sorry," was all Sixteen could say.

"It's all right—far better to be stared at than ignored entirely. You like poetry?"

"Ye—es pretty well—*some* poetry," Sixteen said doubtfully. "But would you mind showing me which road leads up the hill?"

Tweedledee smiled gently and began again, "What shall I repeat to her? She really shouldn't have me quote poetry to her until her fourth year."

Here Sixteen broke in,

"If it's very long," she said, as politely as she could, "would you first please tell me which road——"

"As to poetry you know, I can repeat it as well as other folks if it comes to that."

"Oh, it needn't come to that," said Sixteen hastily, hoping to keep him from beginning.

"The first piece I'm going to repeat was written entirely for your amusement," he went on, without noticing her remark.

Sixteen felt in that case she really ought to listen to it, so she sat down and said, "Thank you," rather sadly.

"To the out-of-door world,' the Quarterly said,
With a toy in each hand and a crown on your head,
Let each May day child, whoever she be,
Come and frolic and frisk like a small child of three.
Then fill up your glasses as quick as you can,
And join round the tables so spick and so span.
Some will have coffee and some will have tea,
So welcome old May day with thirty times three!"

"How do you like it?" inquired Tweedledee, beaming, "it has all the elements of romantic poetry, the call of nature, the—but how did you like it?"

"Very much," said Sixteen arising hastily, "but I really must be going. The Queen told me once long ago that you'd take me to see the Flunk Chaser to hear his story. You see, I want to climb to the top of the hill and——"

"Quite right, quite right," Tweedledee replied amiably, and Sixteen thought to herself, "He has a good heart."

They hadn't gone very far when they saw the Flunk Chaser in the distance, sitting on a rock, and they could hear him singing as if his heart would break.

"The time has come the Juniors said,
To talk of many things.
Of teas and gowns and class day tax,
Of Junior Week and rings.
Of where to hold our promenade,
And many other things."

Sixteen pitied him deeply. "What's his sorrow?" she asked.

"Oh, he always gets like that after exams are over. During them, there's no one more popular and then the minute they're over he's left absolutely alone."

The Flunk Chaser looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This young girl," said Tweedledee, "wants to hear your story; she'd like you to help her as she is trying to climb to the top of the hill."

"There's little to know," said the Flunk Chaser with a sob, "when I was young I went to school. The master was an old Turtle. We used to call him Tortoise."

"Why did you call him Tortoise?" asked Sixteen.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull."

Sixteen felt ready to sink into the earth.

"I took the regular course," the F. C. continued.

"What was that?" Sixteen inquired.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," and then there were the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision. Then there was Mystery both ancient and modern, then Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting."

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" asked Sixteen.

"Ten hours the first day, nine the next and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Sixteen.

"That's the reason they call it lessens," the F. C. remarked, "because they lessen each day."

This was quite a new idea to Sixteen and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday!"

"Of course it was," said the F. C.

"And how did you manage the twelfth?" Sixteen went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the F. C. interrupted. "Now, do you think you can find the road up to the top?"

"Yes, I think I see my way clearly now, thank you," said Sixteen, "you just have to keep on going. Thank you very much for your help," she said aloud, and to herself, "now to run up the road, climb the old wall and then to be a Queen. How grand it sounds."

A very short but rather steep run brought Sixteen within a few feet of the old wall and she threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss.

"Oh, how glad I am to get here," she said aloud, "but I think I'll rest a little while before trying to get over the wall."



IN JUNIOR DAYS

The Top of the Hill

"What is this on my head?" Sixteen exclaimed in a tone of dismay as she put her hands up to something very heavy that fitted closely all about her head.

"How can it have gotten there without my knowing it?" she exclaimed to herself, as she lifted it off and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

"Well, this is grand!" said Sixteen. "I never dreamed I should be a queen so soon. How the years have flown. But I'll tell you what, your Majesty," she went on in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself) "it'll never do for you to go running about whistling any more. Ladies have to be dignified, you know!"

She got up and walked about rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off. (And *entre nous*, it *did* come off quite frequently during the year, especially on Amateur Nights and birthdays.)

"Now that I've had such a good rest I think I'll try to climb over that wall—once on the other side the hill top's very near." So saying, Sixteen started toward it.

"If I only had a pile of books to stand on," she thought, "I might get a start. Why, I'll never be able to get over; it has such a smooth, hard, surface"—and Sixteen fell back in dismay.

"Some people have no more sense than a baby," said a voice from the top of the wall. And looking up, Sixteen saw a Conundrum trying to keep his balance on the high, narrow wall.

"It takes method to climb this wall," he continued, "You can't skim over like the bird of Apenzelle but you have to dig in, get a footing, half way up place both feet on a Klapper and a Locke and lo, you're over before you know it. There's glory for you."

"I don't know what you mean by glory," Sixteen said.

"Of course you don't—till I tell you. I mean there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"

"But glory doesn't mean a nice knock-down argument," Sixteen objected.

"It means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less, when *I* use a word," said the Conundrum scornfully. "And if you don't believe me, I'll be traded for the cook."

"The question is," said Sixteen, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said the Conundrum, "which is to be master, that's all."

Sixteen was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute, he began again—

"They've a temper, some of them, particularly verbs; they're the proudest adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say."

"Would you please tell me," said Sixteen, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said he, looking very much pleased. "I mean by impenetrability that we've had enough of that subject and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I don't suppose you mean to stay here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Sixteen said in a thoughtful tone. "Since you are so clever at explaining words, Sir, would you tell me the meaning of the poem 'Mont Bijou'?"

"Let's hear it," said the Conundrum. "I can explain all the poems that were ever invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet:"

This sounded very hopeful, so Sixteen began the first verse,

"And now if e'er by chance I put
My finger into glue,
Or madly squeeze a left-hand foot
Into a right-hand shoe,
As rushing out to be on time
I nearly always do,
Then every ten times out of nine
I think of Mont Bijou.

And I weep, for it reminds me so
Of those good times I used to know,
Those wintry days out in the snow,
When coasting down the hill we'd go
With heart as well as cheeks aglo.
Then when the chilly winds would blow,
We'd sit around—the lights turned low,
Or gaily dance and sing, or sew.
Oh dear old days of long ago,
I miss them, girls, don't you?"

"That's enough to begin with," the Conundrum interrupted, "there are plenty of hard words there! I leave you to solve them. Good-bye."

This was rather sudden Sixteen thought, but after such a very strong hint she felt it would hardly be civil to stay, so she held out her hand.

"Good-bye till we meet again," she said as cheerfully as she could.

"I shouldn't know you again if we *did* meet," the Conundrum replied in a discontented tone, giving her one of his fingers to shake. "You're so exactly like other people."

"The face is what one goes by generally," Sixteen remarked in a thoughtful tone.

"That's just what I complain of," said the Conundrum, "Your face is the same as everybody else's. The two eyes so (marking their places in the air with his thumb)—nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you didn't have such an even face, if only you had two eyes on the same side of the nose, *that* would make you a little odd."

Sixteen waited to see if he would speak again but, finally, as he took no further notice of her, she said, "good-bye" once more and getting no response to this, she quietly walked away—but she couldn't help saying to herself as she went, "Of all the ——" She never finished the sentence, for at that moment a heavy crash shook the garden from end to end—the wall had crumbled and there—her achievement had been accomplished! She had reached the top of the hill and lo! there was the whole wide world spread out before her.

"A tale begun in other days,
When Autumn suns were glowing;
A simple chime that served to time
Our college days fleet going,
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say, 'Forget!'

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For happy college days gone by,
And vanished Spring-time glory,
It should not touch with breath of bale
The pleasure of our four year Tale."



IN SENIOR DAYS

Nineteen Sixteen's Class Roll

EIRENE BARBER

MARY BARRETT

ADELE BRADY

FLORENCE BREEN

MARIA CENDOYA

NATALIE COLLINS

ANNE CREED

HELENA CUDDIHY

MARION CURLEY

GERTRUDE DOHERTY

ROSALIE DONLIN

ELIZABETH FARMER

ROSA HAFEY

ALIDA HAMILTON

ANNE HAMILTON

MILDRED HURLEY

ANNE HYNES

GLADYS JUDGE

CORNELIA KELLY

ELYNOR KIERAN

ELLEN KING

IRENE KOMORA

HELEN LANGDON

ANNE LOUGHLIN

RUTH LYMAN

DOROTHY LYNCH

JEANETTE LYNCH

VIRGINIA MAY

CLARE MITCHELL

CHARLOTTE MULLIGAN

HELEN O'BRIEN

ADELE PACKERT

FRANCES PETTY

CHARLOTTE RIDER

VERA ROCHE

MARIE ROONEY

MONICA RYAN

NATALIE SCULLY

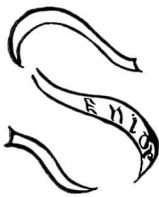
ANNE SMITH

RUTH SULLIVAN

BELLE WHEELER



EIRENE BARBER



HE really can't help taking herself so seriously, for though she is outwardly all curves, yet she is really built entirely on the square. And some of her arguments on this eminently correct subject of Math are fearful and wonderful to hear. If you happen to be one of the initiated you listen to her and Irene Komora argue, and if it doesn't make you fear for your sanity, well, you must be one who understands their language.

Eirene is quite capable of fulfilling the position of literary or dramatic critic for any publication, for if you can name the book she hasn't read or the play she hasn't seen, be assured it isn't of very much value.

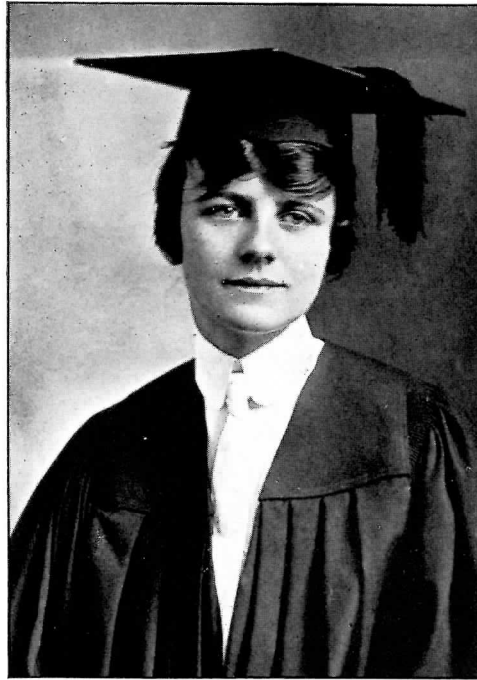
We warn you only of one thing—don't start her giggling! If you have ever observed her in class or distinguished yourself by a witty remark, you might as well let the storm take its course, for she simply cannot stop when once she begins laughing.



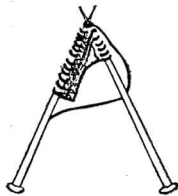
MARY SOPHIA BARRETT



MARY SOPHIA comes from Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and that is sufficient recommendation for Windsor Locks. For three years of college life, Mary Soph was happy-go-lucky and care-free. She was the life of every party, the first to arrive and the last to depart. Her "Madam Serpentine" was a source of unfailing mirth and never did we tire of seeing the spineless wonder receive her flowers. In Senior year, however, Mary's executive ability and efficiency obtained their just reward, and she rose to the cares and rank of Business Manager of the Quarterly Store. Also, she was entrusted with the chairmanship of the Building Fund Bazaar at the Biltmore, and we all know what a success she made of that. Last but not least, in her fourth year the class insisted upon having Mary represent them on the Advisory Board. And now, though she is still the first to arrive at parties, on the stroke of ten, like Cinderella at midnight, she vanishes, leaving gaiety and laughter behind.

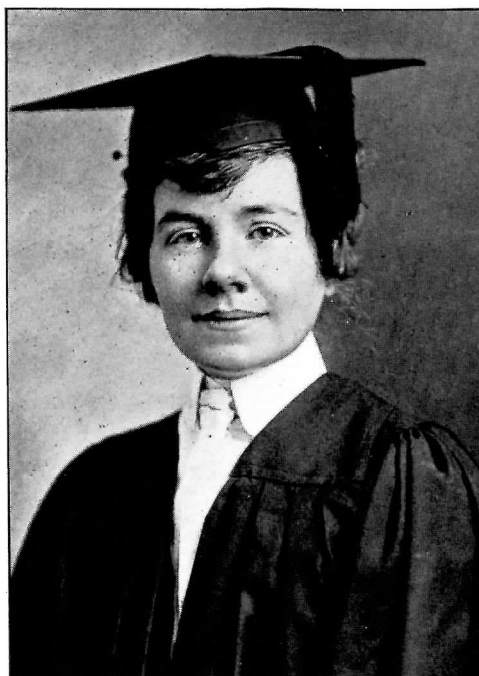


ADELE LÉONIE BRADY



DELE is a small happy-go-lucky lassie, an indefatigable worker and a live wire generally. With Adele there always *has* to be "something doing." Athletics are her *main* interest, with dramatics a close second. She entered Sophomore year with one idea—to have basketball games with outside teams, and by dint of unremitting persuasion of the "powers that be" she won her point and so opened up to her class and to the college this new field.

Junior year she sobered down somewhat. That was the year Adele interpreted so well the rôle of the shy, coy maid in the "Rivals." We don't begin to explain the psychology of repeated rehearsals, but anyhow, after that we saw more of the "sweetly feminine" side of Adele—and imagine! hitherto we hadn't even suspected its existence! But this quieter rôle didn't in the least prevent Adele from winning the "all round athlete" medal on Field Day, and she was ushered into Senior year as President of Athletics and Captain of the Varsity. Hers is a frank, open nature, with a boyish straightforwardness of friendship that is itself an "open sesame" to our regard.



FLORENCE BREEN

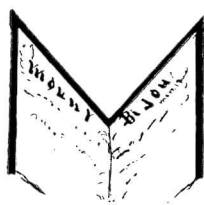
FLORENCE is our living encyclopedia. She has the most marvelous memory for facts, and, what is more, she is always generous with her amassed learning. "Breenie" has never been known to fail anyone who has appealed to her for help, even at that valuable and fatal ninth hour before exams. She is not only willing but eager to share her knowledge, and we have to laugh when she looks lugubrious, shakes her head, and says, "I know so little."

"Flossie" has one great failing. She doesn't care about going to chapel, and the fifty-cent fines she paid, especially in Junior year, would have made many trips to the Exchange and Spa possible.

In our Freshmen and Sophomore years Florence was a faithful scrub on the basketball team, and the morning of the meet, when the alarm clock went off— But that is another story.



MARIA CHRISTINA CENDOYA



MARIA is dark, Spanish and handsome. During her college course she has been known to possess a dual personality, Marie the clever and witty and Christine the "I'm so blue." She became famous in Freshman year through her fruit salads and her ability to entertain. Since then she has paid the penalty by heading most of our Refreshment and Entertainment Committees.

"Cenny" is a member of "Props and Paint," and those who saw her "Caliban" in our mid-year play will realize that her dramatic ability is far from small. Also, she possesses a great head for business and is Business Manager of this pleasant volume. Maria knows a good deal about printing and getting out song books, so she can quote prices by the hour (not that she really does it, but she could), and Maria could sell anything. This was proven by her Sophomore year auction sale, when she disposed of the famous desk.

We began by saying Maria was handsome, but this remark must be qualified. She isn't at her best in examination week.



NATALIE P. COLLINS



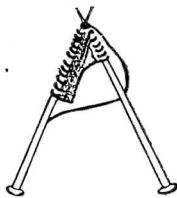
NE of the first things one notices about Natalie is the vast amount of experience she possesses. No matter what the topic, Nat is sure to have some "light" to throw upon it and some queer and personal experience to relate in connection with it.

Natalie is one of our business managers, and in this capacity has shown herself a tireless and determined worker, and what is more, she gets there (also them).* As for basketball, well, we defy any team to produce a better running center than our Nat! Besides basketball, Natalie is noted chiefly for the mysterious, thick note-books she takes to class and for her incessant companion, when occasion permits, her dog. (Natalie *told* us not to leave Trixie out of her write-up.) She is of a truly sympathetic disposition and is always ready to help anyone in difficulty or trouble. She believes firmly in the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and always proves herself "a friend indeed."

*Meaning "ads."



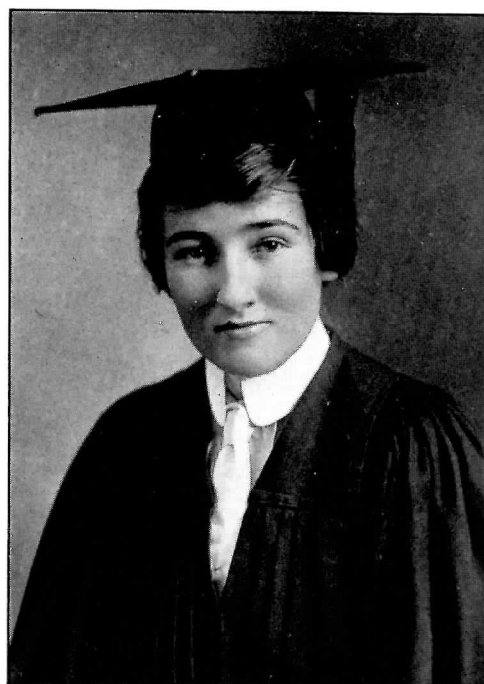
ANNA C. CREED



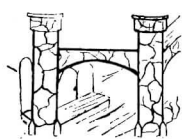
ANNE CREED is Sixteen's Mark Twain. In what gales of laughter she can always keep us with her dry-wit tales and themes! The funny side of everything appeals to her and she can make it appeal to others, too. But Anne, despite her love of fun, is one of our blue ribbon students. Conditions are an unknown quantity to Anne and ninety per cent. and over are given numbers.

Anne goes in for everything with good will and boundless enthusiasm. She played on our victorious baseball team both Freshman and Sophomore year, and was always ready to play scrub basketball "just to help the team," although it meant getting home long after dinner was over.

They say, "Tell me your friends and I'll tell you what you are," and we can't say more for Anne than that she is Irene Komora's best pal.



HELENA AUGUSTA CUDDIHY



ELENA may be small in stature, but she is large in deeds. It took a good many of us almost two years to really know Helen, for she makes friends rather slowly, but once made, keeps them fast. There is an old saying about still water, and Helen's early stillness we found was but proof of her depth.

In Junior year, she brought glory to Sixteen by winning the inter-class speaking contest and in Senior year by playing the leading, and, in fact, only "lady" in the "Tempest." She is likewise president of our Philosophical Sorority, Alpha Alpha, so you see the old proverb is very true.

There is nothing Helen relishes more than a joke, be it on herself or someone else, and we have yet to discover a time when she is not eager and willing to help along any fun that is afoot. Then, too, Helen has acquired a reputation for her sincerity and her ability to keep a secret. But we have forgotten, there is a time when Helen's sense of humor fails her. Beware of her on Tuesday mornings when the chapel bell is ringing.



MARION AGNES CURLEY



MARION is one of the three Scranton girls who came to us in Freshman year. Appendicitis removed her for a few months, but she came back to us. And after that all went well. She is an expert at mathematics and Latin, but no one would ever suspect *that* who wasn't in her classes. "Curley" has a peculiar partiality for cut-in dances and we have gratified this favorite sport to the best of our ability. Aside from this, she is a quiet little person, with curly hair and a pretty complexion. She has been a resident of "9" for three years, so that may be the reason for our considering her quiet. Marion does her work with an air of indifference that would stagger anyone, and more than one despairing classmate envies her her ability to combine both work and play in such a nonchalant manner.



GERTRUDE M. DOHERTY



“ERT” is versatile—one just *has* to admit that. In Freshman Year she acquired a reputation for “common sense,” and that same common sense is a saving grace when Gertrude enters the Realm of Fancy. She is a fine business woman and is usually 1916’s representative in all dealings of “1916 vs. The Biltmore”!

From this realistic plane once she enters an English class, “Gert” promptly dons the garb of the Idealist. I might say Literature is her forte. She once wrote an essay on the “Rich and Poor” that won a reputation for herself and, incidentally, for the class, with the Professor. She is a never-failing help in trouble to the Quarterly Editor. Most any time this stock conversation may be heard:

“‘Gert,’ an article by 9:15 to-morrow?”

“Well” (doubtfully)—but next day as unfailing as the clock comes “Gert” *plus* the article!

A keen sense of humor is hers by birthright—that we know—but we haven’t yet accounted for her ability to bluff artistically, her amazing self-possession nor her ingratiating smile!



ROSALIE M. DONLIN

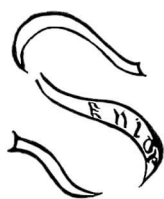


Our Freshman year, Rosalie had two upper classmen sisters, which fact alone would have made for distinction, but besides this, she always wore white kid gloves to the village. This last marked her as a girl apart. As time went by, however, and we grew to know her better, we found that we need not have feared her, for no one was ever more ready for any kind of a lark than "Roe."

Rosalie is very charitable and tender hearted. She is president of the "Christ Child" and gives a perfect imitation of the old woman who lived in a shoe when collecting or giving out garments. But when we've said all this we've left out her most striking characteristics, her ready wit, her inimitable way of telling a story with many interruptions for laughter, and her hide-and-seek dimples.



ELIZABETH M. FARMER



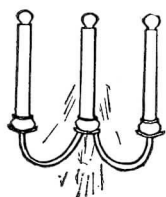
HE was a quiet little body in Freshman year, but with an amazing amount of independence even then! She is practical, and *so* neat, with a passion for mathematics and sewing that we can at least appreciate! But the most remarkable thing about Elizabeth is her ability—phenomenal, almost—to ferret out a piece of news from even a recluse. Everybody flocks to Elizabeth's Senior parties—where, besides being royally entertained, one is sure to be in a flashlight picture!

Elizabeth can always be depended upon and, lest this shall seem too formidable an array of virtues, we won't tell her even now how much we fear her practical jokes nor the vengeance she takes in tickling!

Elizabeth has many friends both in college and out, and if you doubt the latter you should just see the number of advertisements she's gotten from "a friend of mine."



ROSA HAFEY



WHEN it comes to seeing clouds on the horizon, Rosa has an x-ray eye which looks right through the clouds and sees only their silver lining. She has a happy, sunny disposition and a contented one as well in spite of the fact that she has been Class Treasurer for two years. Rosa is also very generous; anything she has which you could possibly make use of is yours for the asking. Hers is a nature which gives freely but is slow to ask or look for anything in return.

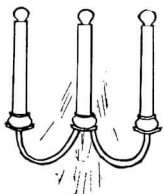
Rosa came to us from Massachusetts; perhaps that accounts for her Puritanic conscience, her sense of duty and her industry. In whatever group you find her, and no matter what "juicy" bit of gossip is being disclosed, you will almost always find her busy.

She is rather timid and very sensitive; perhaps it is because she feels the smallest slight or unkindness to herself so keenly, that she dreads hurting the feelings of others and tries to spare them as much as possible.

For four years we have never seen her really angry—never heard her storm at anyone; she becomes indignant at times, but never gets really angry. But for all that—on those rare occasions when Rosa *does* speak her mind, one glimpses a power of observation and soundness of judgment truly remarkable in one of her gentle, retiring disposition.



ALIDA HOPE HAMILTON

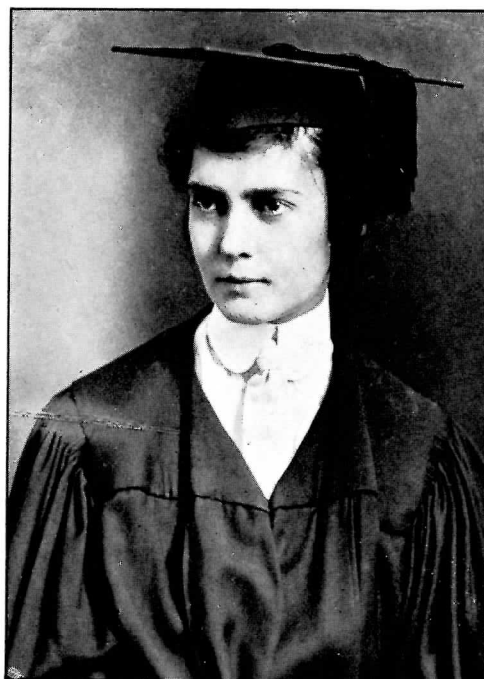


ITHIN two days from the time she arrived at N. R. C., "Babe" knew every girl in college. This was because she is by nature friendly and warm-hearted,—one who lives fully and demands of life the most it has to give—and after four years we must say she has been given it—not life, but the most and best of everything College life had to offer.

Though her impulsiveness and impetuosity often led her into difficulties, still the very loveliness which is the keynote to her character gets her out of every scrape. For "Babe" is lovable. You just have to like her—there's no getting away from it. Perhaps another reason why we like her is because she is so charitable. She always finds the best possible motive for an action and accepts that as the probable one.

You would consider an hour in "Babe's" company well spent, for she is a host in herself, loves a good time, and always has a good story or a funny bit of college gossip on hand, and her inimitable way of telling it always insures her an interested and appreciative audience.

We can't withhold a last picture of "Babe" as our Year Book Editor-in-Chief. We used to think of "Babe" as caring more for a lark than for responsible duties, but when Senior year brought her the burden of editorship, "Babe" proved herself Responsible (with a capital R!) and met each new and unexpected difficulty with unfailing pluck and courage. Also "Babe" is one of the cleverest girls in the class, with a penchant for poetry, and is herself a poet of no mean ability. As for basketball and tennis, well, "Babe" has won glory in that line too.



ANNE FAITH HAMILTON



BEAM and Sancho Panza have always seemed to us to be alike in one respect—their ideas regarding sleep. “God bless the man who first invented sleep” is alike Beam’s and Sancho’s grateful prayer. When “Beam” is awake she has the dynamic force of two girls. Early in her college career “Beam” identified herself with dramatics and now is President of “Props and Paints.” She played basketball and baseball for two years, and tennis for four and is manager of our tennis team. In Freshman year, she starred as a girl of Ideas and she hasn’t exhausted her claim to that title yet. In her daily programme, “Beam” lives up to the Seven Works of Mercy—with one exception. She feeds the hungry, gives drink (cocoa de luxe) to the thirsty, comforts and counsels the sorrowful and the doubtful, but—oh, my dears, can you ever imagine “Beam” bearing wrongs *patiently*? We have told you a lot more about “Beam” when we tell you she is one of the most democratic girls in college.



MILDRED HURLEY



MILDRED HURLEY'S greatest assets are her deeply, darkly, beautifully blue eyes and her happy disposition. The eyes, they say, are the windows of the soul, so that accounts for "Mill's" pretty ones. She is the sort of girl who does the duty that nearest lies and never goes about telling people that she has done it. "Mill" said her mother was more popular with the college girls after one visit than she after four years, but we didn't tell her that the reason for her mother's instant popularity was "that she was so like 'Mill'." Mildred has been a staunch supporter of the Mandolin Club for four years and is a pillar of the sodality. She has one great fault. She can't resist the temptation to make up original jokes, but then they're generally pretty good. She is a literary editor of this worthy volume and a cheerful, dependable one she has proven herself. And, to prove her versatility, we mustn't forget to mention that she played baseball and basketball for two years.



ANN HYNES



NN stood out in the first dark days of Freshman year because of her gay red and white blazer. She stood out the remaining days of her college course because of herself. "Gluck" is one of those rare mortals who have as many moods as Jacob had colors in his coat, varying from the practical, hard-working, common-sense Ann of the Annales Business Staff to the wild, joyous "Heintz-Anne" who sets us all in gales. Perhaps that is why she is so interesting, for no one can be quite sure just which Ann will be uppermost.

We have often tried to figure out the reason for Ann's popularity, especially with the underclassmen, for she is awe-inspiringly cold and indifferent to them—and we've always come back to the same conclusion that it is because she is herself and therefore (as the syllogism says) lovable.

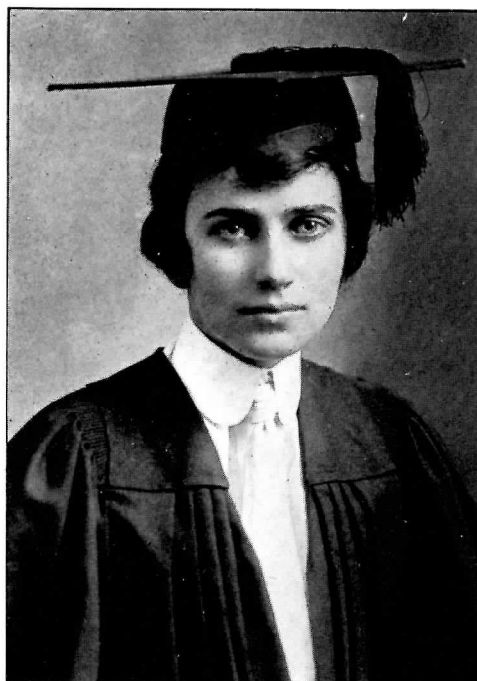
Ann has one great fault. She never can quite make up her mind just which of two things she should do, and having consulted all her friends in turn and gotten their views—does what she pleases. Early rising is her *bête noir* and she calculates weeks ahead just which nine o'clock class she can cut to "get in a good sleep." Besides these important facts, Ann is chiefly noted for tact, oranges, and her unfailing expression "D'y mind."



GLADYS M. JUDGE



LADYS came in February to help swell the ranks of our Freshman class. For two years she was a commuter from Brooklyn, but in Junior year decided to take a room in "9" and be with us permanently. This decision enabled us to know her better. She joined "Props and Paint" and was first a prompter in the mid-year play and later an actor in "Love's Labour's Lost." Gladys has a sense of humor that bubbles out continually. She is an ardent suffragist, and possessing as she does remarkable argumentative ability, is greatly feared by the "Antis." Gladys is inclined a little to be a doubting Thomas, and rarely lets a remark go by unquestioned. She has a most amazing fund of general knowledge, perhaps for that very reason. So you see, Gladys makes a very interesting and entertaining companion.

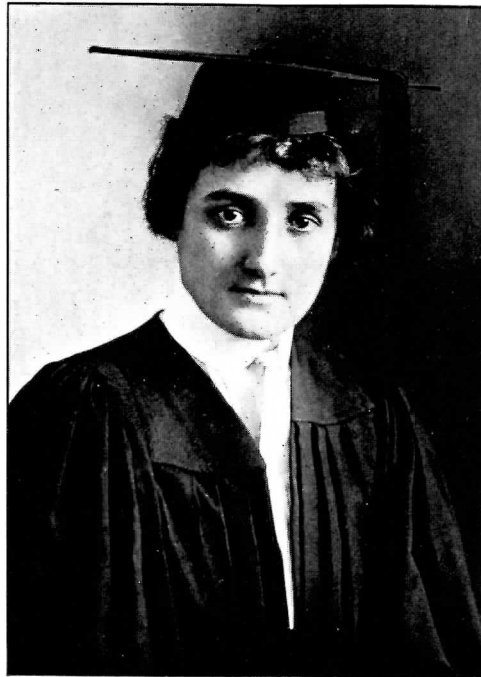


CORNELIA M. KELLY

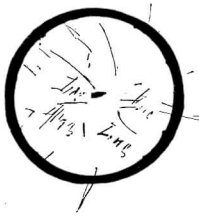


CORNELIA MARY JOSEPHINE KELLY plays the piano divinely, other people's compositions or her own with equal inspiration. Sixteen feels that "Corneil" is her sure 'nuff genius and predicts great things for her in the line of music. "Corneil," however, is not impressed. She says she will be doing well if a "movie house will take her, to bang the box for five per and chewing gum." This remark brings out two of "Corney's" characteristics, her droll way of putting things and her love of chiclets. No one can tell a story more humorously than "Corneil" and no one can chew gum more vigorously. She is responsible for two-thirds of our class slang and for the downfall of many "chiclet chewing chums."

"Corneil" has Irish blue eyes and the sympathetic Irish temperament that enables her always to put herself in the other fellow's place. She, too, has a dual personality—one when she sits at the piano and the other when she goes in search of adventure.



ELLA KIERAN

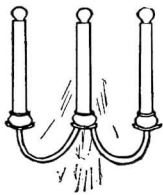


OUR earliest recollection of Ella is the fact that she used to arrive exactly fifteen minutes late every morning for the 9 o'clock class. She continued to practise this delightful habit for three years. Now in her last year she has become a staid resident of cottage "23" and we see more of her.

Ella is tall, dark and distingué. She has an air of tantalizing indifference that makes one want to know her better, and when one does, one is not disappointed, for Ella is true blue. She has two marked failings—a real love for "History of Education" and a marked preference for Loew's and the "Exchange" to the campus.



ELLEN T. KING



E knew her for a leader from the time she stood up at the first class meeting and told us "how to do it" according to Parliamentary Law. From the very beginning she has made her personality felt—and what a forceful, earnest one it is. You may like her strongly or dislike her just as strongly—you *cannot* overlook her. Ellen is very outspoken (sometimes uncomfortably so), but as straight as a die and as unchanging. She is quick to make up her mind and the side she chooses is sure to have a large following because generally "there's a reason" for what Ellen believes—and a good one at that.

But Ellen does not spend her time talking of her opinions; she is of the kind who do things first and talk about them afterwards.

She organized the Current Events Club for the two lower classes in Freshman year. In scholarship she ranks among the highest in the class.

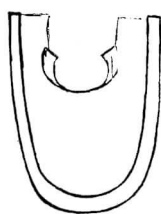
She holds the Presidency of the Sodality.

Ellen is always cool and collected, and *never* loses her head.

In view of these facts is it any wonder we chose her as our chief to lead 1916 in her crowning year and represent our Alma Mater as well? It was because we felt her to be a representative girl in every respect.



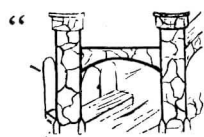
IRENE C. KOMORA



UNLESS you know her or have known her, you can never realize what a jewel Irene is. She looks very righteous and she is, but also is as full of merriment as any one. True to the best that is in her, and deliberately seeing only the best in everyone else, she is at the same time a delightful companion and a staunch friend. She will stick to you through thick and thin just as tenaciously as she sticks to that basketball when it comes her way. And that reminds us, she is a basketball player of unusual power and has won her numerals and Varsity letters. She is no grind, yet she is the delight of the faculty and the good-natured recourse of the rest of us who are more inclined to dally. But all her accomplishments fade when contrasted with her greatest quality—she is a real, true friend.



HELEN K. LANGDON



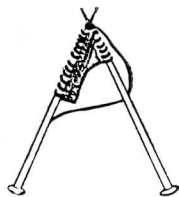
"ELEN K." was famous as a dancer and basketball player throughout the four years of college, but the zenith of her fame was reached in the Senior mid-year methods exam. Helen handed in her book at the end of one hour (the rest of us spent five) and passed with flying colors. This incident is very characteristic of Helen. Early in her career she earned the title "The Girl of Ideas." We confess we cannot always utilize her ideas, but she has them just the same. Naturally, she was sadly missed for the first semester of Sophomore year, when she left us for Barnard, but with February Helen returned, never more to roam.

She has a sense of humor that is all her own. Instead of being discouraged at her loud wall paper in No. 9, she said, cheerfully, that it would save investing in an alarm clock, and later was heard to tell condoling friends that it woke her bright and early each morning, saying, "Good morning, Joseph."

Helen has four obsessions: basketball (you should see her play guard), dancing (did you see the dance she directed in the "Tempest"?), Gertrude Stine ("a wet hen is nervous"), and Loew's (she has a pass!). The only time she loses her temper is when someone stands up and hides the screen from her view at the movies, and then she merely says, "Dear friend, I am annoyed."



ANNE LOUGHLIN



ANNE is easily one of the prettiest girls in the class, although she herself seems to be supremely unconscious of the fact. Her beautiful hair, long black and silky, could secure her a position advertising some "before and after taking" tonic (the "after" part, of course), and her complexion is certainly the "pink" of perfection.

Anne is very frank and outspoken. She doesn't like a thing merely because "they say" it is wonderful, but can always back her opinions with some reason. She is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and is rather studious, quiet and reserved. She does not show her affections or preferences readily, but they may be all the deeper for that very reason.

Anne is by nature bright and happy, although she sometimes lets herself be overwhelmed by clouds of despondency, when everything and everybody wears a gloomy aspect to her, and we lose sight of the real Anne. However, these "glooms" are very few and far between, and for the most part Anne shows herself possessed of a great deal of common sense, a true and generous heart and an unswerving loyalty to her friends.



RUTH LYMAN



“HE most sincere girl in college” some one said of her in Freshman year, and now in Senior year, we can truthfully say that one of Ruth’s most outstanding characteristics is still her sincerity. She is tall and dignified and can wear a regulation collar with perfect *savoir-faire*. She has a tendency to keep her own counsel and a reserve that sometimes even now we are wary of breaking. All these qualities, together with a natural efficiency, made her our Junior President and Vice-President in both Sophomore and Senior years. Her ability to write short stories with the popular “psychologic element” is simply tantalizing! And when she forgets where she put that story—well, the “Quarterly” simply has to wait till she finds it—or, rewrites it! Ruth is blessed with a sense of humor and is especially clever at repartee.



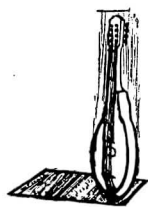
DOROTHY LYNCH



OFTLY come and softly go—that is "Dot." Now that characterization would make some people appear rather negligible, but not so with Miss Lynch. It is with her an indication of force and power and not the lack of these qualities. She is one of those quiet students who never bores you with a show of excessive knowledge, yet she has a remarkably clear and well-stored mind. If she has one characteristic more enviable than another it is her sangfroid around exam. time. Nothing disturbed, nothing daunted, she faces them all—all, that is, in which one cannot get an exemption. And she has a delightful habit of smiling easily that gives her a most pleasant manner. In short, she is a very sunshiny little person to have about.



JANET LYNCH

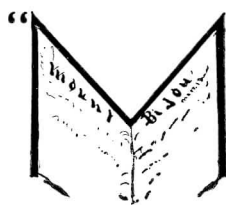


JANET LYNCH and merriment are correlated (as we say in Methods). Wherever Jane is the laughter is sure to be. Even when the halls lie deserted and silent in the gloom of study hour, there will arise a sudden shout of laughter and the sound of many doors quickly opened. Then we know 'tis Jennie out "to rest the young girls' minds and give them a little recreation," and never was Solomon in all his glory arrayed like J. Lynch. If by any chance she remains at home from 7:30 until 9:30 she becomes absorbed either in Van Dyke, Noyes or Browning, and is lost to the world or, if more actively inclined, gilds her chairs (so that she can never sit on them again), dyes her dresses other colors, or re-hangs her pictures.

But we haven't yet mentioned Janet's night-hawk tendencies. She can always be encountered in the wee sma' hours, pillow beneath arm, seeking where she may lay her head. And she can lay it where'er she choses, for Jane is very popular. She loves company, but company loves her more.



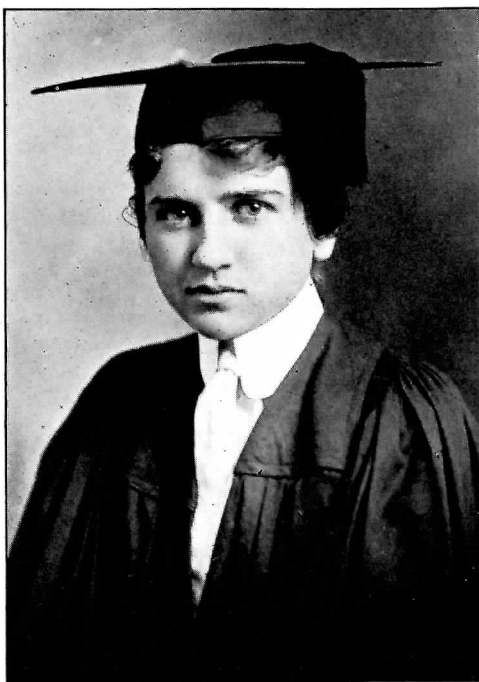
VIRGINIA MAY



Y friends have come to me unsought," but once they come to Virginia they stay, and friendship with Virginia means service. She is very thoughtful of others and is quick to see and relieve distress of any kind.

We used to think of her as being rather quiet and studious, but in the last two years we have begun to realize her capacity for enjoyment, especially for *mot de situation* (as we say in Elective English). Another faculty which she has developed is her fondness for burlesque. Who that saw it can ever forget her artistic rendition of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" in our Junior play?

But we have not yet mentioned that vital and interesting possession of Virgin's—a bank account in the village, which, together with her unfailing generosity, enables her to play Lady Bountiful to many a bankrupt classmate, especially around exam. time, when "all dues are payable before any examination may be taken."



CLAIRE ROSEMARY MITCHELL



LAIRE was 1916's first President, and when that energetic, restless mob did not drive our gentle little President to distraction nothing will. It is due not a little to her good leadership that we can all look back to the sunniest of Freshman years. She is blond, and just the "nice armful size." You will see that this is a dangerous combination when we tell you that Claire can pout adorably! Claire is also rather domestic* in her tastes, you should see her sew! She is reserved. She never puts herself forward nor offers advice unless she's asked, but when she does, you are surprised by her keen insight and her ability to read character accurately. If you are fortunate enough to be admitted past Claire's gentle reserve, you find loyalty and true-blueness and also—Rosemary—that perverse imp with her bubbling appreciation of the ridiculous and a most irresistible giggle.

*Sorry this does not include cooking.



CHARLOTTE MULLIGAN



HARLOTTE came to us with her hair in a braid and a large, gay-colored ribbon adorning that braid. She seemed such a little girl then, but she gained so much poise and dignity that in Sophomore year we hardly recognized her. Also Charlotte has a voice. This partly accounts for the fact that she is now both glee club president and choir mistress, and very busy these offices keep her.

Charlotte "hitches her wagon to a star" in exams., and, generally, reaches that star (or somewhere in the nineties, anyway). She is a member of "Props and Paint" and because of her splendid voice always has the singing parts awarded her.

Charlotte has strong convictions and the courage to stick to them. She is a little reserved and a trifle over-sensitive, but only with people she doesn't know well.



HELEN HARRISON O'BRIEN



“RACTICAL,” you would call her, and you would be “clear, correct, concise and complete.” Perhaps it is for this reason that she was made Treasurer of the college in her Junior year. Helen is one of the most generous-hearted girls in our class and the most loyal of friends. She is very fond of the “movies,” and, just as she has her own particular seat in class, so she has her favorite place in Loew’s, where she may be seen twice a week.

We never can think of Helen without thinking of Ruth, for they have been devoted friends from our earliest Freshman days. For four years Helen has played “David” to Ruth’s “Jonathan,” and that has made it difficult for all of us to know Helen as well as we would like.



ADELE C. PACKERT

FOR months she has dreaded the publication of this innocent book, and now we shall not disappoint her. Born in Brooklyn, Adele's greatest fault is her love of playing Filipino. Unfortunately though, we can never separate the forfeit from her, but her laugh she gives freely. Once hearing it, you could never after doubt her sense of humor. "Pack's" skill is manifold. She plays the piano, sings in the choir, shines in class for ninety per cent., and is a frequenter of Loew's. Also she sings "Mavis" dramatically. Her rendition of this charming ballad, by its pathos almost drove her room-mate to suicide. Aside from this, she is a good, warm-hearted chum, and has that all too rare gift of enjoying a joke on herself. We hope she will not disappoint us now.

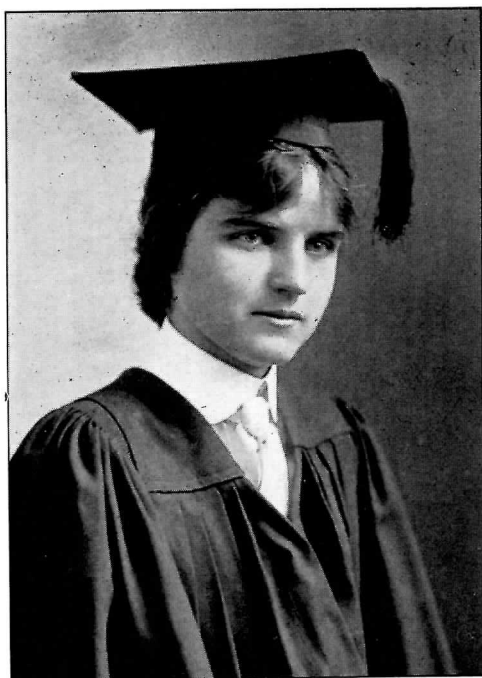


FRANCES PETTY

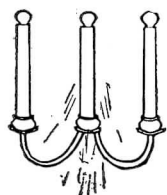


O the world at large she responds to the name of "Frances," but to all her friends, and she has many, she answers to "Frank." Frank just suits her, too, for she has that rare quality to a marked degree, and that accounts for the reason we all listen so attentively to her "candid opinions" at Truth Parties. Generosity is another of Frank's most marked characteristics. "Ask, and thou shalt receive," is her motto. She is passionately fond of children, fresh air, and athletics.

In our Freshman and Sophomore years she played forward on our class teams, threw the baseball farthest in the outdoor meet, and started the early morning walking club. Also, she plays the piano, sings well, and is a graceful dancer. So you can see Frank is versatile. But don't believe her when she tells you she can write verse!



CHARLOTTE S. RIDER

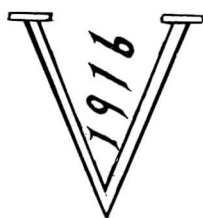


HY is it that pretty, diminutive girls always seem to arouse a chivalrous feeling of protection toward themselves in others? Not knowing the answer we've never been able to tell why we feel this sense of "protection due" towards Charlotte. Not that "Carlotta" needs it—oh, no! You'll find her an intrepid little person. At Truth-Parties she is always accorded the "T. L." pretty, for she is dark and petite with delicate coloring and a profile that quite entranced White—our photographer. Also she is a girl of ideals—pretty high ones—and she believes in making those ideals concrete. "Carlotta's" gentle wit and raillery make her a delightful companion; but if perhaps you're a bit blue, well, she has that all too rare trait, an "understanding heart."

We only wish that many could know Charlotte as a few do.



VERA ROCHE



ERA belongs to the convivial type: easy-going, fun-loving, and loyal. She is very independent of the opinions of others and goes on her own sweet way, caring little whether others approve her actions as long as they seem right to herself. If there is one thing Vera loves more than another it is an argument, in which she always takes the "other" side, just for the sake of arguing.

In Freshman year she showed a great fondness for romantic literature, and wrote wonderful themes abounding in sentiment and romance. However, she set aside this charming diversion at the end of Freshman days.

Although her class standing has always been high, Vera has never shown an over-fondness for work, but lately she has surprised us by setting aside certain hours for study and refusing to depart from these no matter how tempting the alternative held before her.

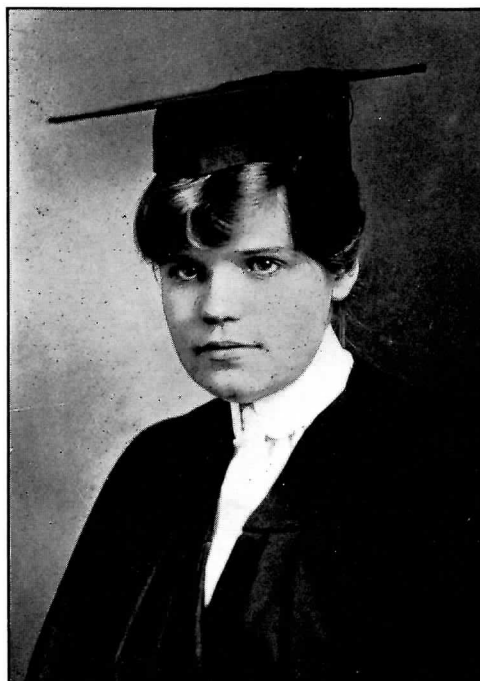
Music and art are her hobbies. She sings in the choir, is a member of the Mandolin Club, and plays the piano with no small skill. She has the honor of being one of the art editors of this worthy volume, so I need say nothing of her artistic ability—it speaks for itself.



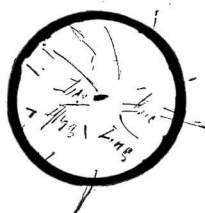
MARIE ROONEY



OLDEN hair and dancing slippers seem to best characterize Marie—not that she is always dancing, but, somehow, she seems so airy-fairy that you expect her to be. And, be it said, incidentally, Marie is a born dancer. She loves it. There is one remarkable thing about her, too, the way she manages to get in at exactly 9.04 in the morning. If you want to hear a situation described vividly and drolly, get Marie to tell you about it. She always has lots of experiences to tell—she's one of those people to whom things "just happen." But then sunbeams are always dancing their way into strange places and circumstances.



MONICA D. RYAN



"LD RELIABLE" is one of "Mon's" nicknames, and that in itself tells a good deal about our literary editor. Monica can always be depended upon, and if you have ever been on a committee with her, you know what a joy that is.

If "Mon" had lived in Salem witchcraft days, she would have been in great danger of death at the stump, for she has a black magic way of accomplishing all her work and still having time for frivolity of any description. To hear her care-free, spontaneous laughter echoing through the first corridor, no uninitiated person would believe that the chief weight of the "Quarterly" rested upon her shoulders.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the basketball in "Mon's" hand is just as mighty. She handles either equally well. So, you see, she is one of the best all-around girls in our class and has the most boundless and ardent enthusiasm perhaps for that very reason. Monica is a rare combination of frivolity and seriousness, athletic and literary prowess, true sincerity and sympathy, and strong warm friendship. And if you want a testimonial of her unselfishness upon all occasions, ask the editor-in-chief of *Annales*.



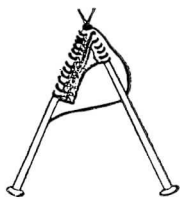
NATALIE SCULLY



WID you ever watch a bud unfold little by little, allowing you to look deeper and deeper into the heart of it, until you became suddenly conscious that the outward compactness had given way to delightful softness? That is the history of Natalie in these four years. Gradually we have come to see deeper and deeper into the real Natalie until, although we have by no means reached the bottom, we realize what wonderful possibilities are hers. Not that Natalie has ever deliberately revealed herself—she is not that kind—but we have learned to translate her. And speaking of translations, if the mysterious terms of metaphysics and philosophy are too much for you, just go to Natalie and with a “Why, yes; don’t you see?” she’ll set it all clear for you. We have heard many vague rumors about this colleague, but we are not certain of their reliability. For instance, we hear that she plays basketball very well. That may be—Natalie never told us so. But, of course, as we said before, Natalie wouldn’t. You have to watch the unfolding process to know what lies beneath.



ANNE JUSTINE SMITH



ALLOW me to introduce Miss Anne Smith to you. She is Sixteen's member of the famous Smith family, and our one regret is that she *is* the only one of the ten Smiths in our class.

"Schmittty," as she is affectionately termed, has certain theories about people who don't break up the routine of college life, and what is more, she puts her theories into practice. She also shares the family characteristic—love of prolonged vacations and a careful saving of cuts for "surprise trips" to Hartford.

Anne is very loyal to her friends and her kindness and thoughtfulness are well known. And then she has such a hearty laugh and is such a charming hostess that her room is always crowded! This makes it rather hard for Anne to draw. Oh, yes, Anne draws. If you don't believe it, look at some of the works of art in this volume.



BELLE WHEELER



ELLE is a very quiet little person, always composed and cheerful and possessed of a certain dignity and independence of her own. She is very gentle, yet beneath this easy-going exterior is hidden a strong will and self-confidence which generally get her what she wants.

Belle rarely talks of herself—and never of her neighbors. She is an excellent listener, and you may rest assured that what you tell to Belle you tell to Belle alone and not to her friend and her friend's friend. Belle keeps her own counsel—she has learned that the only way to keep a secret is not to let anyone know you have one.

She is small, graceful and musical. She is President of the Mandolin Club and one of the best dancers in the class. Belle is also a good student, a pleasant companion at all times, and has never been known to have a grouch. She has lots of determination and patience and seldom "quits" a thing until it is done. Add to this her unfailing good nature and her willingness to help anyone in need of assistance, if it is in her power, and you have a fair idea of "Little Belle Wheeler."

Lest We Forget

NAMES NOW MISSING FROM OUR CLASS ROLL

BESSIE BARRY

FRANCES MURPHY

MARION BOOTH

MARGARET MCCARTHY

LOUISE COLLINS

MARGARET McDONALD

CATHERINE CREAGH

BESS RUSSELL

AMALIA GIANELLA

FLORENCE RYAN

ALICE JACKSON

ANNE TALBOT

MARY JONES

HELAANE VAN WYCK

ELIZABETH KILDAY

JOSEPHINE WOODLOCK

You'll hear it at the cradle,
You'll hear it at the grave;
Wherever Senior hearts are true
Beneath all flags that wave.
And when our days of work are o'er
We'll leave the Castle scene,
It's the song that reaches Senior hearts,
"The wearing of the green."



OUR NINETEEN-SIXTEEN SOPHOMORE TEAM. THE FIRST TO PLAY GAMES WITH TEAMS OF OTHER COLLEGES

FOURTH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE

OF THE

Class Play of Nineteen Sixteen

A Mysterious Day

AT MONT BIJOU

Being a transcript of Manners of Life at that Famous Place.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prue	<i>Captain of team</i>	.	.	Anne Hamilton
Sybil	<i>lover of mystery</i>	.	.	Helena Cuddihy
Ann	<i>the Curious</i>	.	.	Ann Hynes
Myrtle	<i>the Songster</i>	.	.	Charlotte Mulligan
Frank	<i>the Upriser</i>	.	.	Frances Pettv
Jane	<i>the Carefree</i>	.	.	Janet Lynch
Mary	<i>the Practical</i>	.	.	Mary Barrett
Maria	<i>the Walrus</i>	.	.	Maria Cendoya

CHORUS

Helen Langdon - Adele Packert
Vera Roche - Claire Mitchell
Natalie Collins - Belle Wheeler

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Prologue Gertrude M. Doherty

ACT I— *Morning at Mont Bijou*

"The Girls with the Soap and Towel

"Girls, I didn't mean that, you should see"

ACT II— *Afternoon*

"Books, Books, Books!"

"Come Close"

"Basket Ball"

"Spinning the yarn"

ACT III— Night (before 10 P. M.)

"When there's no light at all"
"1916 Class Song"
"Those good old Freshman Days"
Dear Mont Bijou, Good-bye

PLACE— Sitting room of Prue's suite

TIME— Present

Accompaniment and Original Music

CORNELIA M. KELLY

Lyrics Alida Hamilton

COMMITTEE

MONICA D. RYAN, *Chairman*

MARIA CENDOYA

ANNE F. HAMILTON

ANNE C. CREED

CORNELIA KELLY

HELENA CUDDIHY

HELEN K. LANGDON

ALIDA H. HAMILTON

ANNE J. SMITH

Our School girl road is almost run,
It's wound along thru shade and sun,
And when we come to say good-bye
Bright tears will shine in every eye
To have to say a last farewell,
To all we've loved and cherished well,
A lingering and a sad adieu,
Dear Mont Bijou,
Good-bye to you.

Commencement Week—1916

SUNDAY, MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Baccalaureate Sermon	5:00 P. M.
College Chapel	
Oratorical Contest	8:00 P. M.
College Gymnasium	

MONDAY, MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Senior Breakfast	11:00 A. M.
Castle Courtyard	
Advisory Board Dinner	7:30 P. M.
The Castle	
Campus Play	8:30 P. M.

TUESDAY, MAY THIRTIETH

Senior Reception	4:00 P. M.
The Castle	
Glee Club Concert	8:15 P. M.
College Gymnasium	

WEDNESDAY, MAY THIRTY-FIRST

Conferring of Degrees	3:00 P. M.
Awarding of Honors	
Alumnae Banquet	7:30 P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE FIRST

Solemn High Mass	10:00 A. M.
Presentation of Sodality Gold Cross and Sodality Diplomas	
Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament	4:00 P. M.
Sodality Dance	8:00 P. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE SECOND

Class Day

SATURDAY, JUNE THIRD

Banner Day



WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS

Class Officers We Have Known

1912-1913



President, - CLAIRE MITCHELL
Vice-President, NATALIE COLLINS
Secretary, - - VIRGINIA MAY
Treasurer, - - ELLEN KING
Advisory Bd. { CLAIRE MITCHELL
Members { NATALIE COLLINS

1913-1914



President, - - - ANN HYNES
Vice-President, - RUTH LYMAN
Secretary, - - IRENE KOMORA
Treasurer, - - MARY JONES
Historian, - ALIDA HAMILTON
Mem. Advisory Bd., ELLEN KING

1914-1915



President, - - RUTH LYMAN
Vice-Pres., GERTRUDE DOHERTY
Secretary, - - VIRGINIA MAY
Treasurer, - - ROSA HAFEY
Historian, - ALIDA HAMILTON
Mem. Advisory Bd., ANN HYNES

1915-1916



President, - - - ELLEN KING
Vice-President, - RUTH LYMAN
Secretary, - DOROTHY LYNCH
Treasurer, - - ROSA HAFEY
Historian, - ANNE HAMILTON
Mem. Adv. Bd. { MARY BARRETT
 { IRENE KOMORA



How Sixteen Says Her A-B-C's.

A is for absent ones of our class
Who are gone, not forgotten till mem'ry shall pass.

B is for Barber—high marks are her aim.



B also for Barrett of Quarterly fame.



For Brady, the leader of our fighting team,

As well as for capable, hard-working Breen.





C for Cendoya—collector of ads,

For Collins, also a lover of fads.



For Creed, our humorist of unfailing wit.

Cuddihy also, who makes a great hit;





And Curley, our dancer, who ne'er likes to sit.

D Miss Doherty follows, both merry and bright,
Sixteen looks upon her as a shining light.



Miss Donlin is another of the D's;
"Dimples" for short (consult snapshot please).

E Stands for evergreen—our love will stand all weather,
And like our symbol, be fresh and green forever.

F for Farmer—we scarcely can say she is big,
And though she's a farmer, she never will "dig."





G is, of course, for our greatness and glory,
If you do not believe it, consult Sixteen's story.

H brings in Hafey, of whom we'er afraid
When, armed with treasurer's box, she makes a raid.

Next Hamilton Alida, who loves her "Trig" so!
See how she hugs it—they're old friends you know.



Miss Hamilton Anne we now offer to view,
She's President of Dramatics and stars in it too.

Now Hurley (we abstain from mentioning her traits)
She should have been taken a-holding her skates.



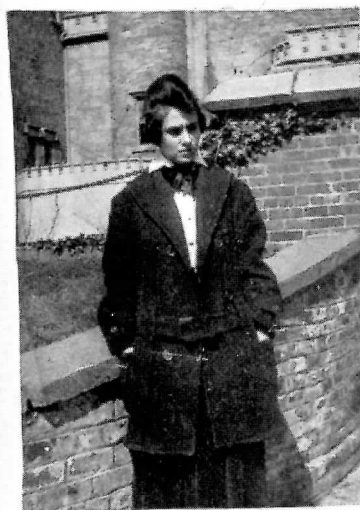


Hynes Anna, the golf champ, now steps on the scene,
A popular supporter of the white and the green.

I for independence, which we are noted for,
Also for initiative, of which we've goodly store.



J stands for one whom you seldom can budge
From her side of an argument—let Gladys be “judge.”



K now for Kelly, who composes our songs,
And for a chiclet she constantly longs.

Kieran, the care-free, with her “I should worry” air;
It makes “no never mind” to her if days be dark or fair.





It gives us joy to introduce among our list of K's
Miss Ellen King, our leader, for whom we've naught
but praise.

Komora follows next in line—good in sports and study,
too,
As any member of the College will gladly prove to you.



L for Langdon, specialist in the art of Terpsichore,
Who thinks that class and study are somewhat of a
bore.

For Loughlin, also, a maiden passing fair,
Whose crowning glory lieth in her wondrous raven
hair,





For Lyman, who will stand the test
Whate'er it be—and that's no jest.

For Dorothy Lynch, who's quite a shark,
We're sure that she will make her mark.



Lynch, J. in green is always seen,
And why? Because she loves Sixteen.

M now "May" Virginia never laugh
When she beholds this photograph.





While Mitchell answers swift the call
When "Sweetie's" wanted in the hall.

To Mulligan next we turn our gaze,
With glee club cares she fills her days.



N for our numerals of white and of green,
All honor to thee—Class of Nineteen-Sixteen.



O for O'Brien, both tactful and true,
A service for others e'er ready to do.

P for Packert, who laughs out in glee;
She can see the joke always if there's any to see.





Next Petty the versatile—spurner of gloom,
To even mention her talents we haven't the room.

Q for the quest upon which we must start
When from dear Alma Mater the time comes to part.



R stands for Rider, so pretty and small,
And though she's a "rider" she rides not at all.

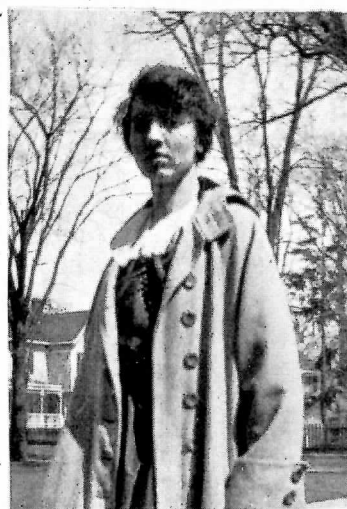


Roche is the next R—we think it a pity
She gives all her time for exams for the city.



And then we have Rooney, so light and so airy,
As graceful and sprite-like as any young fairy.

Next Monica Ryan, an editress she,
Who made the Quarterly "what it should be."



Stands for Scully as bright as she's quiet,
How we'd like to see Natalie starting a riot.



For Anne Smith we've only a word here to say,
She's happy and care-free the whole livelong day.

For Ruth Sullivan—who came in Senior year,
We wish she'd joined us earlier in our career.

T stands for time which will prove our class true
To dear Alma Mater and Sixteen to you.

U stands for use we make of our knowledge

V for the value we got out of college.

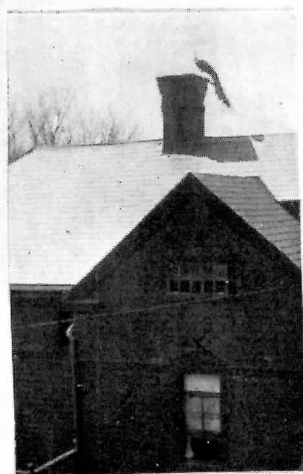
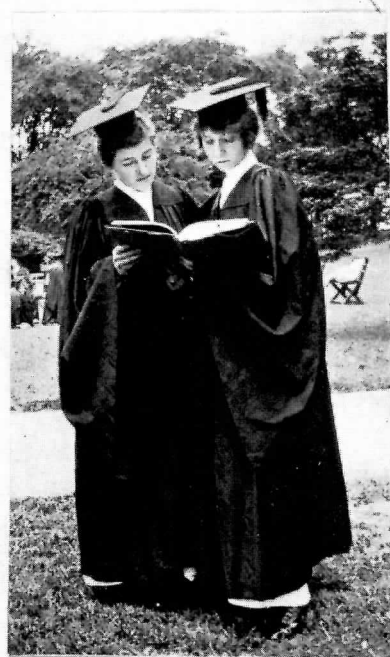
W for Wheeler, who at Mandolin does shine,

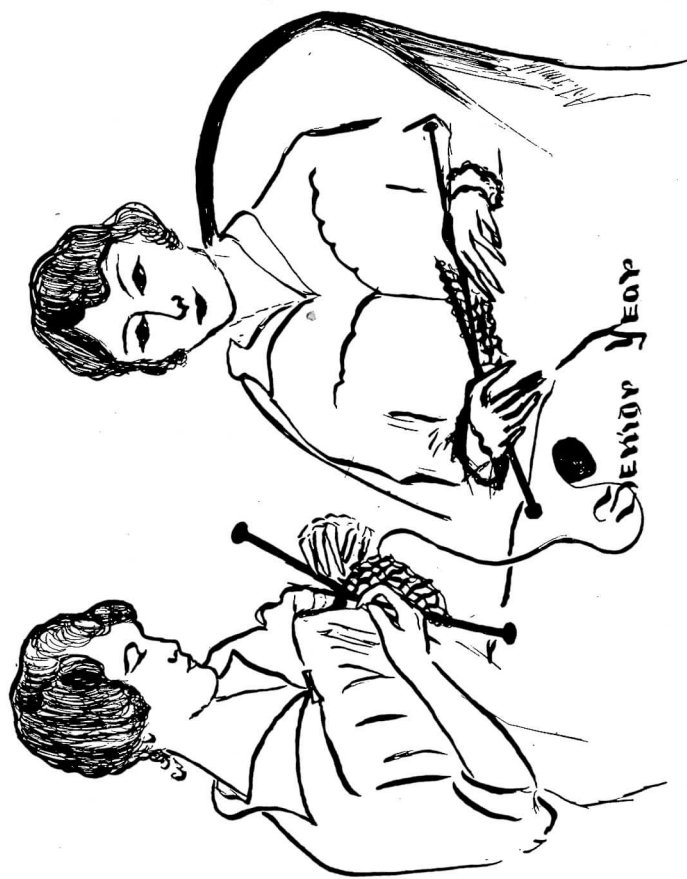
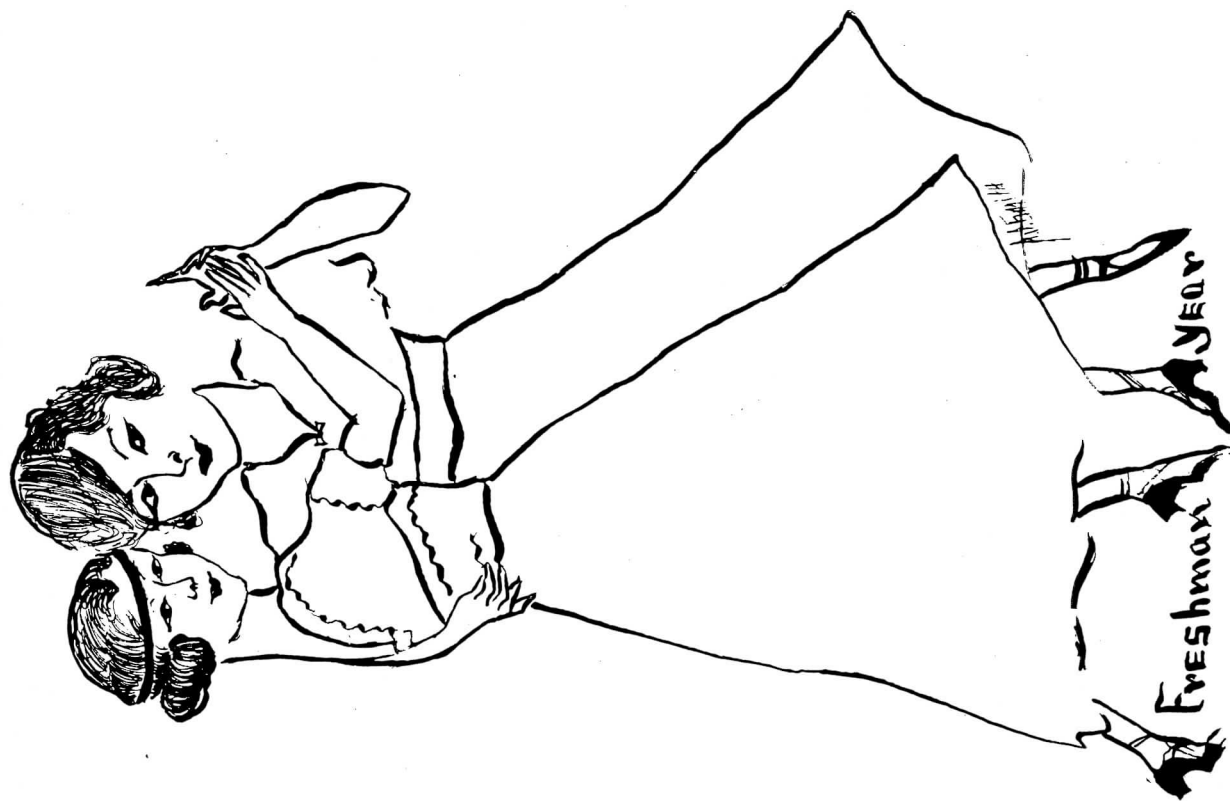


X for Xams for which, of course, we pine.

Y for years spent at dear N. R. C.,
Happy years which in mem'ry e'er cherished shall be.

Z is for zeal, which will lead us to glory,
The goal of ambition, and so ends our story.





WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

College of New Rochelle

Our own Catalogue

College Calendar 1916-17

SCHOOL REOPENS SEPTEMBER 19

HOLIDAYS

Washington's Birthday: It may come any time during the school year, according to popular vote.

Founder's Day: Saturday is taken away from us and then Monday is called a holiday.

Thanksgiving Vacation, Nov. 22-27: The faculty needs a rest so we are sent home to be out of the way.

Easter Vacation, May 22-31: We have to invest in Spring finery so as to look a credit to the college. We're given 10 days to seek for bargains.

FACULTY

The faculty consists of professors. They could write a book on "How to Keep Healthy." They are never absent because of illness even for one day during the term.

FOUNDATION

We were founded in 1904. We are only eleven years old, but large for our age and still growing. We outgrow our accommodations just as you do old clothes.

LOCATION

The college is situated in New Rochelle, only a short distance from the village and the beautiful Sound. It depends upon your finances which one you choose. Each is equally enjoyable.

EQUIPMENT

There is a Campus, the Castle, the Residence Hall, "Gym," and cottages. The best thing about the Gym is the number of stairways. It is always possible to dodge the Registrar if such procedure is deemed wise.

ROOMS

If you are fond of cross-country walking, get a room in a cottage. It means rising a little earlier, but this is compensated for on Spring days by having a porch to sit upon. We have city or country life.

FEES

All bills are sent home. But have constantly at your disposal a reserve fund. You never can tell when the prof. will discover that there is a Livy Trot, Books I to XLVI, published.

SCHOLARSHIPS

If you are ambitious and studious you may win one; you may also found one if you are rich.

PROGRAM OF STUDIES

After four years, you get a degree A.B. or B.S., whichever you desire. You learn many useful things not on the list of prescribed studies, i.e., how to cook, make crêpe paper hats, varnish a floor, conceal tack holes, play basketball and tennis, write songs, develop a sense of humor at all costs, and the use of pockets in school dresses.

COLLEGE COURSES

Eighteen hours of work are required. But it is wiser to take twenty. Safety First!

Repetition of courses given free of charge. Many students take advantage of this opportunity.

SOCIETIES

There are any number of them. Join them all and in your write-up in Senior year they will say you are an all-'round girl. Your parents will be proud of you.

DISCIPLINE

Discipline is maintained at any price. The price is usually 50 cents for the first infringement of rules. But self-reliance is developed at all costs. Costs are usually financial. Keep rules according to your allowance.

SOCIAL LIFE

On the Campus.

There are various functions throughout the year. Among those present are very few men.

Off the Campus.

Loew's is on Main Street. The bill is changed twice a week. Stock Company plays what-was-on-Broadway-three-years-ago in Mount Vernon, a short trolley ride from New Rochelle. The Spa, Woman's Exchange, Huylers, O. X. O., and Riker's supply refreshments of any and all descriptions. These places are popular on days when the mail delivery is unusually heavy. A jitney 'bus line furnishes sight-seeing trips at a reasonable cost. Pelham road affords excellent opportunities for automobiling.

A Light Verse!

I

"My daughter," and her voice was stern,
"This thing at once tell me,
And truly or else pay the fine,
What time did your light I see?"

II

The maiden answered prompt and clear,
She minded not avenging fate;
She could do Math, she had no fear,
"Oh mother, 'twas a quarter of eight!"

III

(For those who Arithmetic *can't* do—
A quarter of eight, you know, makes two.)
The moral of this little rhyme,—
Math in time will save a fine.

Our Own Beatitudes

1. Blessed are they who prompt for they shall be prompted.
2. Blessed are they who study and are termed grinds for knowledge sake for they shall obtain exemptions.
3. Blessed are they who come early for they that are first shall be in the last row.
4. Blessed are they who go to Mass thrice a week for they shall receive a cross of gold.
5. Blessed are they who hold no office for their days and nights shall be free from care and grinding worry.
6. Blessed are they who flunk no finals for they shall not start at the postman's whistle.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall reap popularity when the Meet is over.
8. Blessed are they who abide by the rules for they shall grow wealthy.

A German Class=ic

Ein Mädchen nach dem Village ging
At fünf Uhr, ach so late!
Sic war ein little Freshman-girl
Und wollte keep ein date.

Das Mädchen von dem Village kam
Und fürchtevoll war sie
Sie hat ein 'inner-sense'-iveness
That campused she would be.

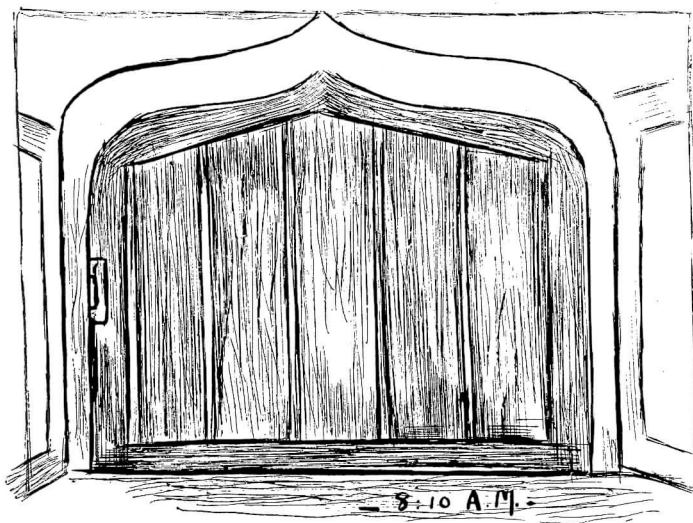
Und als die Mistress stern sie sah
Das Herz within her sank
Die Mistress oped her mouth to speak
Und sagte "Gott sei dank!"

"Du bist so late für supper, Kind,
I fear es hungert dich
Ich kept dein chicken heiss for you,
Come now und setze dich."

Und "war die Movies good to-day?"
Und "is it raining yet?"
Dann "Ich denke dass du tired sei,
So geh right straight zum Bett."

"Und Ich will tell dein teachers
Du warst excused bei me,
Though Werk ist auch ja very gut,
Health must come erst" sagt sie.

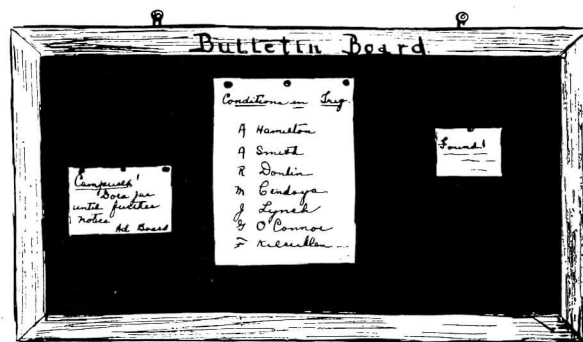
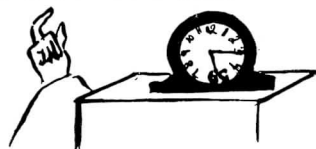
Die Freshman-girl seemed slightly dazed
Im Hände fiel ihr head,
Die Mistress dachte dass she slept
Aber der shock hat killed her dead.



Chapel Card

Seniors.	4	2	18	9	16	4	8	10	5	11
Breen F.	x	a	a	a	x	a	a	a	a	a
Bendoya M.	x	x	x	a	a	a	a	x	a	a
Doulin R.	a	x	a	x	a	a	x	a	a	x
Farmee E.	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Hamilton A.	x	x	a	x	a	a	a	a	x	a
Hurley M.	x	x	x	a	a	x	x	x	x	x
Hyne A.	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Kelly C.	a	x	x	a	a	x	a	x	a	a
May V.	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Pachet A.	a	a	a	x	a	a	a	x	a	a
Petty F.	x	x	a	a	a	x	a	a	a	a
Smith A.	a	a	a	a	x	a	a	a	a	x

OUT	H. KINGSLEY
OUT	J. SMITH
OUT	J. LANE
OUT	M. BOGAR
OUT	M. COUS
OUT	C. KELL
OUT	E. KIERAN
OUT	R. DONLIN



TRAGEDIES OF COLLEGE LIFE

Ten Don'ts!

(From one who knows!)

1. Don't order your Colonial costume more than two months in advance!
2. Don't object if the Freshmen corner all the easy chairs—you can't reason with an infant.
3. Don't admit that you were ever in the wrong. Be firm and argue it out.
4. Don't mourn if you are campused. It is your one chance to make others do your errands in the village.
5. Don't mind if the "Quarterly" is so crowded you can't be waited upon. Stand by the door and smile at those coming out with their purchases. It is just as profitable.
6. Don't try to cook coffee in a test tube in chemistry. It can't be done without detection.
7. Don't try to hide behind a thin girl, when your visit is disturbed in quiet study.
8. Don't worry if you get a condition. It is the best way to break into print and the public eye.
9. Don't try to use a handkerchief for a respectability. An A. B. is sure to get you if you don't watch out.
10. Don't announce Amateur Night and expect it not to be changed. The uncertainty if half the charm.



THE PEERAGE

An the A.B'll Git You!

I

Little lonesome Freshies come to New Rochelle to stay,
To study Math and Livy and grow wiser day by day;
To learn the regulations, which to break an' which to keep,
To play basketball an' tennis, an' dust her room an' sweep.
An' with all the other Freshies when the supper hour is done,
To set around in recreation an' have the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the wild tales the Juniors tell about—
An' the A. B'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

II

An' one time a Sophomore ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one both out of class an' in,
An' once when she was campused she said she didn't care,
An' went off to the village 'cause she couldn't take a dare,
An' thist as she got back again and turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her to a meetin' 'fore she knowed what she's about,
An' the A. B'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

If Only

1. They always come back could be said of our fifty cents's.
2. Patrick had stayed in the "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia!"
3. Jim's eye hadn't been crooked!
4. We didn't have to take our trunks with us!
5. We could have "fraps" sent up from the Spa, at night.
6. Familiarity *did* breed exempts.
7. The Year Book contained all we planned in the beginning.
8. We didn't have to take "those cities."
9. One could whistle and still be within the Pâle.
10. Monica hadn't gotten appendicitis so she could have written these!

New Rochelle College Primer

The W. G. A. F.



This is a well-graded athletic field. You think it does not resemble one? Well, that is not the fault of the athletic field, but of your imagination. The founders of this illustrious institution were gifted with imagination. It is a great thing to possess an imagination. It saves one from looking madly around for what is contained in embryo before one's eyes. Try to cultivate your imagination and refrain in

future from committing the *faux pas* of questioning the authorities as to the whereabouts of the W. G. A. F.!

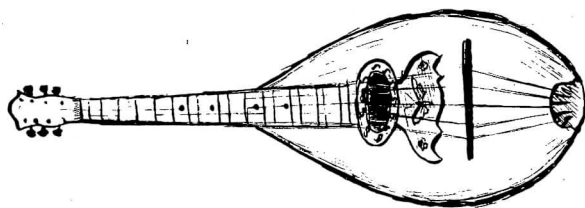
The "Ruff Staff"



This is a "ruff staff." No, it is not the Year Book Staff; it is something better. It is "Condon's own Method" of teaching music for 100%. Please take notice of the staff. Fix it firmly in your memory in order

that you may produce it when called for by the stern examiners for License No. I. Who knows—this "ruff staff" may help you to support a family some day. It has helped others, why not you?

The Mandolin



Oh see the mandolin! What a pretty mandolin it is—and what delightful music it makes if you take a pick and push it vigorously back and forth across the strings. Isn't mandolin music weird—but rather

fascinating. What is the trouble with your room-mate. She seems to be going through some very queer contortions? Is she addicted to cataleptic fits? No, she assures you it is merely the effect of your music on her nerves. Some people cannot appreciate good music. But do not be discouraged. Take your mandolin and treat your studious neighbors to a little music. They are not troubled with nerves and will doubtless appreciate your efforts.

The Beckoning Finger



Ah, see the finger! It is a beckoning finger. Why does the finger beckon so insistently? It seems to be directed toward you. Shall you go up and inquire the wherefore of the beckoning? Oh, no—that would be a great mistake. It cannot really be meant for you; it is merely taking a little morning exercise. If you go up and address it, it will have to stop and I fear its owner will be very angry.

The Roll



Here we have a roll. It is a hard roll—yes a very hard roll. What can we do with the roll? It seems a pity to leave it on the breakfast table. Put it in the pocket of your little school dress and take it up to poor, dear Myra, who was too sleepy to come down to breakfast. Perhaps the maid has counted the rolls and will miss the one you have taken and report the loss, but do not let this deter you from performing a kind act. If it comes to the ears of the Mistress she will probably call you later in the day and commend you for being so thoughtful.

The Roof Garden



What do you think this is? You believe it must be a consumptive ward? No, you are wrong; it is a roof garden. See all the young girls sleeping out on the roof. What an elevating sight. How happy and peaceful they look. Their eyes are closed and several seem to be smiling in their sleep. But whom have we here; it must be the Mistress rejoicing at the sight of her young charges—joying in

their joy. But approach nearer! There is a peculiar expression on her face. She is gazing steadily, fixedly, at someone lying at her feet. Now her gaze has effect; all peace and repose on the roof garden is destroyed. There is much turning and twisting. You would think the young girls were in need of fresh air,—they seem to be very nervous. The gaze continues to have effect. If you return in ten minutes you will see a strange procession consisting partly of girls and mostly of blankets and mattresses, marching and sliding down four flights of stairs. Strange to say they look happier than ever, although the penetrating gaze does not falter. That is doubtless the effect of the fresh air.

The Fifty-cent Piece



This is a fifty cent piece. Is it not a nice fifty cent piece? See how it shines if you lay it in the window where the sun can fall on it. Take it in your hand. How nice and flat and cool it feels. If you bite the fifty cent piece you will see that it is a good one. It is a very peculiar fifty cents, too. It can vanish at a moment's notice. If you wish to see how quickly it can disappear, just step into the hall and whistle shrilly several times. Soon you will forget that you ever had it. You should be proud of your fifty cents—it is not every fifty cent piece that can be whistled away so quickly.

Lost and Found

- LOST: Three appendixes from the Junior and Senior Classes, in March and April.
LOST: Several beautiful tempers on the day of the Sophomore-Freshmen Meet. Finders please return to any of the four classes for inspection.
LOST: By movie-loving Seniors, many good hours suitable for observation.
LOST: A Mid-Year Concert by the College Glee Club.
LOST: A membership in Sigma Mu. Valued because of associations.
LOST: Their pull with the faculty by the class of '18, in the month of March.
LOST: The Meet: Apply to Freshmen for its return.
LOST: Her affection line by a worried Senior.
LOST: A Senior Dance—large reward for its immediate return.
LOST: Control over risible faculties. Return to V May.
LOST: Chance for the Anti-dramatic Club to star. For particulars apply Elective Latin class.
LOST: Freshmen toasts, the night of Freshmen-Junior dinner.
FOUND: Her vocation during the Retreat.
FOUND: A black ball instead of a red one, by a Senior.
FOUND: Many new versions of the Jonah-Whale story by Apologetics class.
FOUND: A new precedent by the class of 1917.
FOUND: The honor system by two upper classes. Reward offered for its claim.
FOUND: A Sophomore Week by the Class of '18.
FOUND: A new cut system by Sister Xavier. Inventor please call for immediately.
FOUND: Many conditions, in the Spring term, by lovers of nature.
FOUND: London—by City-Exam taking Seniors.
FOUND: Two beautiful dogs. Owner may have by applying to Madelyn Brady.
FOUND: A new way of working her way through college by a Freshman.
FOUND: A beautiful flag pole on March 25th, by Louise Schleich, '18.
FOUND: A Bazaar at the Biltmore Hotel.
FOUND: A new playmate for the Class of '16, in the Second Semester.
FOUND: The difference between Spinster and Old Maid, by the Ethics Class.

Well Worn Alibis

(In Answer to the Roll)

She's coming.

She's in the Quarterly.

Elle vient.

Ill.

She comes late for the first period

Niemand ist abwesend.

She just ran over to the Residence Hall.

Students Handy Dictionary

(Especially compiled for the use of the Students of The College of New Rochelle)

Trigonometry: A complaint caught early in Sophomore year. Unless of a strong mental constitution, it's evil effects are apt to be lingering.

Advisory Board: The girls we play hide-and-go-seek with. If they catch us, we lose fifty cents. It is an interesting game, full of risks and thrills.

Exams: Necessary inducements for the sheep to part with his skin.

Living Room: A place for refined recreation, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Quarterly: A chance for ambitious young girls to work their way through college.

Exchange: A place to see and be seen.

Classes: Something to be cut when possible, endured when necessary, enjoyed when Sociology.

German Course: A chance for a general education.

Out and In Board: A novel way for the faculty to keep track of the industry of the students.

Apologetics: Practice in public speaking. At the end of four years, students have been known to answer promptly and clearly, without blushing.

Cases: These are of varying kinds. The first symptoms are an outbreak of candy and flowers. The more violent the attack, the shorter the duration. The only cure is time, patience or familiarity with the *raison d'être*.

Loew's: A place to obtain material for Amateur Night.

Recreation: The Review of Reviews.

Angelus: A chance to show how well you pronounce your Latin.

Powder Puff: First aid to vanishing beauty.

The Fines

(With apologies to Kipling)

What makes us fear to raise our voice, what makes us fear to call?

What makes us very careful not to whistle in the hall?

'Tis just that warning whisper when our spirits run too high,

Look out! the fines are going to get you by and bye!

Oh the fines, oh the fines, oh the everlasting fines.

They haunt you and they taunt you, and they never leave you free,

They're always in the foreground, you can't lose them if you will,

They're the worst of all joy-killers and they'll be the death of me.

'Tis they have put so sad a blight upon my youthful joy,

'Tis they have filled my heart with dread which nothing can alloy;

But what's the use of looking glum, of sorrow and repining,

When nothing that you say or do will stop the loathsome fining.

It's the fines, yes the fines, just the everlasting fines

They seem to have no limit, there's a new one every day.

You may scorn them, you may mourn them, you may say you don't approve,

But in the end just like the rest, you'll have to up and pay.

Where Have I Heard Before?

As a matter of fact, now, girls.
What is your name? Thank you!
Now, Alexander Hamilton——
More fun! More straw hats busted!
If that's your name, you can take that package. If not, put it down.
Let's get ahead, girls.
Traded for the cook.
Listen, young girl——
It's a hodge-podge, crazy-quilt conglomerate mass.
Good morning, Alfred.
I hope it won't cause you too much distress to ask you to do a little work.
I really don't *have* to teach, you know.
I'll hold the class presidents responsible.
Life!
I don't thank the girls who——
Now, who are the two graduates?
How many know what I mean?
See Harte, Vol. II, page 463.
Please excuse my brutal masculine way of putting it.
Girls, I have to treat you as I do the little children.
Don't forget to bring your meeterial.
Who is turning over those leaves? It annoys me.
It was never like this in any other place I was ever in.
I was a great dancer in my youth.
We must keep up with the Joneses.
Aux! Aux!
Don't cast any asparagus at me!

At half-past nine
Without a fine
The College clan
Can get a pan
And make some nice hot cocoa.

But goodness me,
What do I see?
It's something Black.
Say girl's move back,
And take that nice hot cocoa.

By her Big Ben
It is just ten,
And now we grieve
'Cause we must leave
Our scrumptuous nice hot cocoa.

But there's a way
We find to play.
We'll not tell how,
That is, not now,
Just how we got that cocoa!

Our Question Box

1. How much can be seen from the door of the Registrar's office?
2. Who is not a well girl?
3. Why is the last row in Spanish in such demand?
4. Is it possible for an innocent Protestant, baptised a Catholic, to get a divorce?
(See H. K. L. '16.)
5. Who was a great dancer in her youth?
6. How did the Mid-year Play live up to its name?
7. Why does a girl come to college when her father is "full of money"?
8. How does Helen O'Reilly find time to do so many favors?
9. Has the Year Book ever gone to press on the day appointed?
10. Would it ever be possible to get clean clothes any day but Thursday?
11. Why does Maria no longer wear her white taffeta dress?
12. Who said she'd *like* to be editor of the Year Book?

The Jitneys

I

Oh, the jitneys came and the jitneys went,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitney crew,
We loved them full well though they took our last cent,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitneys.

II

But what did we care though the engines roar,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitney crew,
For the love of a jitney we'd stand even more,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitneys.

III

And we wouldn't care how much we spent,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitney crew,
If the pesky old things hadn't gone and went.
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitneys!

IV

But though we loved them and rode in them, too,
Sing yo! ho! ho! for the jitney crew,
They left us one day while yet they were new,
And so we feel badly—and so would you,
If you'd loved and lost the jitneys.

Deeds of Daring

Going to church in the village on Sunday mornings.
Whistling in the corridor.
Knocking loudly on a door at 12 P.M.
Visiting between 7.30-9.30.
Neglecting to put yourself out when you are not going to stay in.
Trying to get into Angelus without paying the fine when you are late.
Playing the victrola in the wee sma' hours.
Having supper in the village.
Cutting class "off campus."
Trying to bluff Sister Xavier.
Trying to smile a pleasant good-morning to the Mistress of Discipline, with a roll in one hand and an orange in the other.
Keeping time for an Odd-Even Basketball game.

I

A girl was studying Math,
A-biting of her thumb.
Exam was coming in the morn,
Which scared her some.

II

There came a knock upon the door,
A girl came in and said,
"There's a party down in Helen's room."
'Twas two, as she went to bed!

III

Exam it came, her mind was blank,
Alas! how great her woes!
She handed in her paper,
And went her way to Loew's.



YE MONEY QUEENS. THEY GOT IT!

The Chapel Bell

*(How I wish I felt about it, to be hummed softly when the violin plays "My Little
Gray Home in the West")*

When the Chapel bell rings in the morn,
And the night's blessed sleep now is o'er,
Though my bed's warm and nice,
I am up in a trice,
I forget I was dreaming before;
Quick I hie me to Chapel at once
As I've done now for almost four years.
For I leap to obey
When at break of the day
The Chapel bell rings in my ears.



YE YEAR BOOK SCRIBES. THEY DID IT!



College Calendar

- September 20—Grand reunion 6 P. M.
- September 21—Registration. Elevator not running to trunk room.
- September 22—Mass of the Holy Ghost. "Now, oh, Lord, we begin."
- September 23—Motoring to movies the style.
- September 24—Rush for home of the Freshmen who live near-by.
- September 27—Monday came on Wednesday.
- September 28—First meeting of the Beauty and Culture Club in Room 14.
- September 29—Freshmen elect their chairman.
- September 30—First Friday sermon. "Make my heart like unto Thine."
- October 4—Seniors' first methods attempt—V. May tells us about foolscap and we learn the Rochelle Club is working.
- October 6—Sorority elections.
- October 7—First advent of the Electric City man. Year book under way.
- October 11—First regular college meeting. "Your money or your life."
- October 12—Holiday Tennis Tournament begins.
- October 13—The Freshmen become unusual jovial.
- October 14—"Swiftie" comes back.
- October 15—Freshmen elections.
- October 18—Basketball practice begins.
- October 19—College receives announcement of the engagement of 1917 to 1919.
- October 20—"Your fifty cents," she coldly said.
- October 22—Establishment of the Office of Investiture by the class of 1917.
- October 23—Founders Day—Old friends and Autumn leaves.
- October 24—First year book tea room.
- October 28—Halloween Masquerade. Pelham Road came to New Rochelle.
- November 1—Holiday—All Saints.
- November 2—Election Day. No holiday. Suffrage discussions and "You're a boob!"
- November 3—There ain't no such animile as hypnotism.
- November 5—Sophomores dance the Freshmen.
- November 8—Peace Conference Meeting in the gymnasium.
- November 9—Senior speaking contest.
- November 10—Distribution of the aggregate proves beneficial in Senior Sociology Class.
- November 12—New Rochelle journeys to Convent Station and defeats S. E. 23-15.
- November 15—Victims of Filippino grow numerous.
- November 21—College tea and our missing links.
- November 22—The marriage of 17 to 19 dress suits, m' dear, and the Wedding March!
- November 23—Lecture by Professor Tassin.
- November 24—Thanksgiving vacation begins.
- November 29—Vacation ends.
- December 1—Sociology reports due. A steady stream to the library.
- December 5—Bazaar articles due.
- December 7—Doll show.
- December 8—Sodality Ball and crêpe paper hats.
- December 9—Lecture by Dr. Coyle.
- December 10—Bazaar at the Biltmore. Tea, dancing and profit for the year book.
- December 13—More darkness than ever in Methods Class. Candle light and lost affection lines.

December 14—A fine Philosophical frenzy for the Juniors.
 December 16—"Everyman" presented by the Sophomore Class.
 December 17—No more "The Blue Ridge" for Patrick leaves.
 December 20—Christmas dinner and knocks for the Seniors.
 December 21—Vacation begins.
 January 4—Christmas vacation ends.
 January 5—Senior supper to 1916.
 January 6—Salmagundi Party for the benefit of the year book.
 January 15—Recreation Center vs. N. R. C.
 January 18—Qualis posted.
 January 19—Junior play for "Annales."
 January 20—Exemption list posted. Lecture by Father O'Reilly.
 January 22—Adelphi vs. N. R. C.
 January 24—Exams begin. Some confusion on the subject of Jonah and the Whale.
 January 25—Slopt sounds discovered by Marie Beull in Oral English Examination.
 January 26—Junior rings arrive.
 January 27—"Go and Look" method discovered by H. K. L. in Senior methods.
 February 1—Dream of a medicine chest becomes a reality.
 February 2—Ruth Sullivan joins 1916.
 February 3—"Belgium" by Dr. Cuneen.
 February 5—1917 vs. Savage.
 February 6—Strange shapes.
 February 8—We try the Honor System.
 February 10—Scene rehearsal at the Plaza. Back to N. R. C. on the 11.25.
 February 11—"The play's the thing." First performance of the "Tempest" in the Gym.
 February 12—"Tempest" at the Plaza Hotel. "Welcome!"
 February 14—Valentine box in recreation.
 February 15—Helen passed Methods!!!!
 February 16—The Mystic Shriners with messages for all.
 February 17—Coasting on the hill.
 February 19—S. E. vs. N. R. C.
 February 22—We pay respects to George's Natal day. Holiday.
 February 23—Oh, to be a Junior. Now Junior Week is here. They see "Cinderella Man" while we play Cinderellas.
 February 24—Juniors lunch in state at Pepperday Inn.
 February 25—Junior Prom at the Biltmore.
 February 29—"Down the glen tramped little men."
 March 1—It came in like a lamb.
 March 2—We learn we're all spinsters in Sociology Class.
 March 3—Alumni Dance at Delmonico's.
 March 7—St. Thomas Aquinas becomes immensely popular with Juniors and Seniors.
 March 8—Resignation Week comes in with Ash Wednesday.
 March 9—Sophomore Week follows.
 March 10—"Us and Mexico!"
 March 11—Adelphi vs. N. R. C.
 March 12—Aux! Aux! brings terror to loving hearts.
 March 14—And the snow it snowed most every day. Junior oratorical contest.
 March 15—The Song Books are coming tra-la-la-la!
 March 16—The Seniors give their last Mont Bijou. Mystery—Mystery!
 March 17—Our last class day and the "Wearin' of the Green."
 March 21—First day of Spring *officially* Sophomore orations.
 March 23—Amateur night. The hook and laughter.
 March 24—Mystery night.
 March 25—The meet. Freshies victorious.
 March 30—Music of Russia.

April 1—It was rumored the year book was finished but some one remembered the date.
 April 2—A woman loves a P. S.
 April 8—South Norwalk vs. N. R. C.
 April 9—Monica has appendicitis. Prevailing color of year book staff blue.
 April 10—We try out-door recreation in the snow. The old order changeth.
 April 11—Second amateur night. Miss Randall-Bent obliges.
 April 12—Spare the fifty cents and spoil the child.
 April 14—Freshies dine the Juniors. Marvelous sweet eats.
 April 17—Is your father a teamster?
 April 18—Retreat begins under Father Duane, S.J.
 April 19—"I hope you get a good one."
 April 20—Year book supposed to go to press. "*Supposed*" is the word. Ann gets a vocation.
 April 21—Ann's vocation leaves her.
 April 22—Retreat ends. "How good to hear human voices again." Home for Easter.
 April 30—Vacation ends. We're on the home stretch.
 May 2—Elections begin.
 May 3—And continue.
 May 12—May day.
 May 17—Sophomore farewell party to Seniors.
 May 28—Commencement Week begins.
 June 3—Commencement Week ends.
 June 7—Semester examinations begin.
 June 13—College closes.

"And so the year's done with!"



L'Envoi

I

Unmarked by us when next year rolls around
The dawn will flame above the Castle tower.
The campus echo with the pleasant sound
Of fresh young voices at the chapel hour.
No more old Pelham Road shall know our eager, tireless feet
Nor lead us down to Hudson Park when lilac boughs hang sweet.

II

Nor then—late classes over for the day
We'll pause awhile, our books beneath our arm,
To watch the sun his warm caresses lay,
To bless and keep our college from all harm
Unmarked by us the moon will rise in silver glow,
Ah, classmates dear, we never knew that we have loved it so!

III

What though the whole world keep our paths apart,
And though we severed are by land and sea,
Oh, Alma Mater, in each daughter's heart
There'll be unswerving love and constancy
And though the hands which clasp to-day man then no longer reach
For Nineteen Sixteen we'll be true forever each to each.

IV

So for us who loved our college days so well
When twilight shadows lengthen o'er the green
The sun will pause a moment just to tell
"Ave atque Vale" for old Sixteen
And when the snow falls softly on the campus through the night
May it give a tender greeting for the class of green and white.

Students

Ball, Margaret '19.....	3682 Broadway, New York City
Barber, Eirene '16.....	4517 Ft. Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Barrett, Mary '16.....	94 Spring St., Windsor Locks, Conn.
Barrett, May '19.....	106 Westmoreland Ave., New York City
Baxter, Marion '17.....	Cottage Place, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Beach, Laura '17.....	16 France St., Norwalk, Conn.
Bogart, Marie '18.....	Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Brady, Adele '16.....	2395 Valentine Ave., Bronx
Brady, Elizabeth '18.....	6 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Brady, Madeleine '17.....	5839 Center Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branon, Loretta '18.....	Fairfield, Vt.
Breen, Florence '16.....	Breen and College Aves., Long Island City, L. I.
Bsharah, Esma '19.....	619 N. Main St., Torrington, Conn.
Buckley, Catharine '19.....	101 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buell, Marie '19.....	1706 So. Ervov, Dallas, Texas
Burnes, Adele '19.....	Portchester, N. Y.
Burnes, Marie '17.....	Portchester, N. Y.
Burns, Harriet '18.....	530 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Carmody, Catharine '19.....	Bennington, Vt.
Casey, Helen '18.....	827 West 4th St., Wilmington, Del.
Cendoya, Maria '16.....	Santiago de Cuba, Cuba
Clary, Mary '17.....	3 Mumford St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Closs, Helen '18.....	60 N. Pleasant Ave., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.
Cocks, Kathryn '18.....	Glen Cove, L. I.
Cogan, Helen '19.....	224 West 82d St., New York City
Collins, Natalie '16.....	611 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Conlon, Margaret '17.....	28 Union St., North Adams, Mass.
Costello, Lillian '18.....	412 Fifth Ave., North Pelham, N. Y.
Cotter, Grace '19.....	City Island, New York City
Cowser, Mary Louise '17.....	2815 McKinney Ave., Dallas, Texas
Coyle, Ada '19.....	226 East 31st St., New York City

Creed, Anne '16.....44 Charlton St., New York City
 Cuddihy, Elsie '17.....644 Lexington Ave., New York City
 Cuddihy, Helena '16.....644 Lexington Ave., New York City
 Cunningham, Elinor '18.....107 Wilson St., Keene, N. H.
 Curley, Marion '16.....915 Pine St., Scranton, Pa.
 Dean, Marie '18.....928 College Ave., Bronx, New York City
 Dixon, Marjorie '17.....2251 University Ave., New York City
 Doherty, Dolores '17.....837 Monroe Ave., Scranton, Pa.
 Doherty, Gertrude '16.....273 West 113th St., New York City
 Donlin, Rosalie '16.....118 West 12th St., New York City
 Donnelly, Ethel '19.....2759 Morris Ave., New York City
 Donovan, Dorothy '18.....418 Winthrop St., Toledo, Ohio
 Doran, Elizabeth '18.....551 So. Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
 Dorgier, Lollie '18.....2351 Park Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
 Doyle, Marguerite '19.....928 College Ave., New York City
 Drennan, Agnes '17.....8 Allison St., Middletown, Conn.
 Duffy, Mary '17.....284 Main St., Keene, N. H.
 Dunkerly, Kathryn '19.....Ennis, Texas
 Dunne, Loretta '19.....Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
 Egan, Isabelle '19.....904 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 English, Elizabeth '19.....124 Reed Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
 Fallon, Christine '18.....186 Boston Post Road, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Farmer, Elizabeth '16.....1133 Park Ave., New York City
 Farrell, Mary '18.....119 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Fleming, Gertrude '18.....39 Broadway, Charlotte, N. Y.
 Foster, Irene '18.....123 19th St., Fort Smith, Ark.
 Godfrey, Marion '17.....6 Taylor Ave., So. Norwalk, Conn.
 Greene, Maud '19.....469 54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Griswold, Edna '19.....Redwood, N. Y.
 Gubelman, Dorothy '18.....773 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Guilfoyle, Mary '19.....654 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.
 Hafey, Rosa '16.....Chicopee, Mass.
 Hamilton, Alida '16.....332 Convent Ave., New York City
 Hamilton, Anne '16.....332 Convent Ave., New York City
 Hannan, Emily '19.....1871 9th Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
 Hansen, Elizabeth '17.....Scarsdale, N. Y.

Hayes, Helen '19.....164 East 111th St., New York City
 Hearn, Florence '19.....201 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Hendricks, Irene '17.....43 Iden Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
 Hogan, Margaret '19.....363 West 4th St., Elmira, N. Y.
 Hopper, Molly '19.....270 East 161st St., New York City
 Hurley, Mildred '16.....Grand Ave., Baldwin, L. I.
 Hurst, Anne '18.....41 Convent Ave., New York City
 Hurst, Eleanor '17.....41 Convent Ave., New York City
 Hylan, Virginia '17.....959 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Hynes, Ann '16.....1332 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Judge, Gladys '16.....922 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Kane, Katherine '19.....82 Mansefield St., New Haven, Conn.
 Keane, Margaret '18.....346 East 87th St., New York City
 Kelly, Cornelia '16.....945 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Pa.
 Kelly, Elizabeth '19.....New Canaan, Conn.
 Kelly, Isabel '19.....Erskine Park, Lee, Mass.
 Kelly, Marion '19.....623 West 152d St., New York City
 Kendall, Helen '19.....1751 Undercliff Ave., New York City
 Kennedy, Regina '19.....155 William St., Portchester, N. Y.
 Kernan, Mary '19.....91 Elm St., Pittsfield, Mass.
 Keyes, Pauline '19.....226 17th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Kieran, Ella '16.....1120 East 22d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Kieran, Marie '18.....3150 Kingsbridge Terrace, New York City
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 King, Ellen '16.....162 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
 Kingsley, Helen '17.....4 Wetherfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 Kingsley, Pauline '19.....4 Wetherfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 Komora, Irene '16.....1729 First Ave., New York City
 Lally, Gertrude '19.....162 Summer St., Waltham, Mass.
 Langdon, Helen '16.....Englewood Cliff, N. J.
 Leighton, Leonore '19.....146 Third Ave., North Pelham, N. Y.
 Leitner, Cecelia '17.....Piermont, N. Y.
 Looney, Alice '17.....203 Monroe St., New York City
 Loughlin, Anne '16.....Greenwich, Conn.
 Lyman, Ruth '16.....Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands, N. Y.
 Lynch, Dorothy '16.....57 Drake Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Lynch, Jeanette '16.....225 Jefferson Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
 McAniff, Mary '18.....419 So. River St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.
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 McCue, Katherine '18.....29 Speedwell Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
 McGovern, Gertrude '19.....215 East 36th St., New York City
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 McLoughlin, Anita '17.....129 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
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 McNamara, Loretta '17.....682 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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 Mahoney, Mary '19.....3 Falls Ave., Norwich, Conn.
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 Manning, Marion '17.....39 Maple Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
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 Mason, Marie '17.....844 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.
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 Mooney, Hester '17.....9 East 87th St., New York City
 Monaghan, Hortense '18.....41 Bradhurst Ave., New York City
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 Mulcahy, Irene '18.....40 Edgecombe Ave., New York City
 Mulcaire, Catherine '19.....93 Eagle St., North Adams, Mass.
 Mullahy, Mary '18.....Lee, Mass.
 Mullen, Catherine '17.....East Elm St. and Lincoln Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
 Mulligan, Charlotte '16.....172d St. and Shakespeare Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
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 O'Connor, Mary '17.....Branford, Conn.
 O'Donnell, Helen '17.....359 West 120th St., New York City
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 O'Reilly, Helen '17.....1428 Lexington Ave., New York City
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 Pettingill, Louise '19.....539 West 152d St., New York City
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 Power, Mary '17.....152 Ashburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
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 Reynolds, Evelyn '18.....999 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Rider, Charlotte '16.....36 Fairfield Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.
 Rider, Gertrude '19.....36 Fairfield Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.
 Riordon, Mary '18.....90 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.
 Roche, Florence '19.....10 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Roche, Vera '16.....10 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Rogers, Eleanor '19.....1619 3d Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
 Rohan, Marie '19.....74 East 55th St., New York City
 Rooney, Marie '16.....1 Fountain Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Routh, Bessie '18.....347 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.
 Ryan, Julia '18.....44 Willow Drive, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Ryan, May '17.....741 St. Owen Place, Bronx, N. Y.
 Ryan, Monica '16.....39 Fairfield Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.
 Ryan, Sara '19.....Spring City, Pa.
 Schleich, Louise '18.....2422 9th Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
 Scully, Natalie '16.....12 Monroe St., South Norwalk, Conn.
 Shaughnessy, Mary '19.....North Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Sheehan, Clare '17.....605 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.
 Smith, Anne '16.....90 Buckingham St., Hartford, Conn.
 Smith, Julie '17.....90 Buckingham St., Hartford, Conn.
 Stafford, Rose '17.....3087 Decatur Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 Sullivan, Gertrude '17.....301 West 91st St., New York City
 Sullivan, Ruth '16.....738 Manor St., Lancaster, Pa.
 Tighe, Kathleen '19.....124 Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Timmons, Eunice '18.....259 Milbank Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
Tracy, Marie '17.....580 Seventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Vlyman, Harriet '19.....379 Front St., Hempstead, L. I.
Waldron, Virginia '19.....56 East 108th St., New York City
Ward, Helen '17.....Havemeyer Place, Greenwich, Conn.
Warner, Mary '18.....35 Lockwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Wheeler, Belle '16.....Great Neck, L. I.
Wheeler, Elizabeth '17.....2609 Grand Ave., Fordham, New York City
Wightwick, Irene '18.....Harrison, N. Y.
White, Lucy '19.....32 South Vernon Ave., Arverne, L. I.
Yecker, Janet '17.....222 West Vine St., Lancaster, Pa.
Zaremba, Helen '17.....321 West 37th St., New York City
Zimmerman, Margaret '18.....12 Franklin St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Annales takes pleasure in recommending
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thoroughly reliable.

1888

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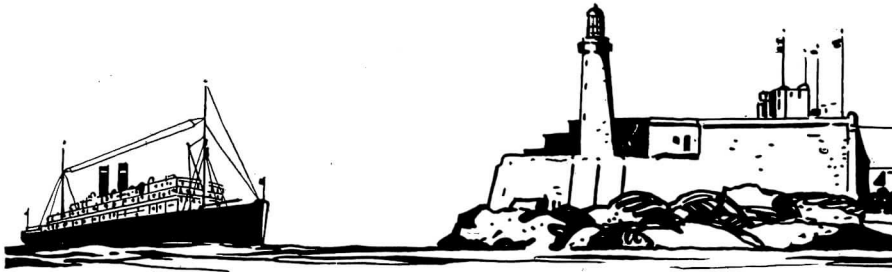
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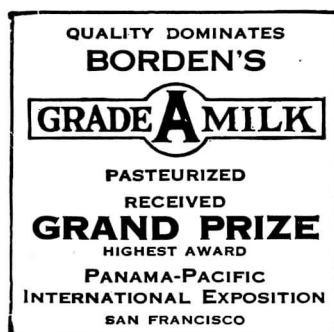
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